

Lives **PUNK!**

No.6/70p

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE

WENDY O'WILLIAMS

SERIOUS DRINKING

CHAOTIC DISCHORD

BIRTHDAY PARTY

ALIEN SEX FIEND

ACTION PACT

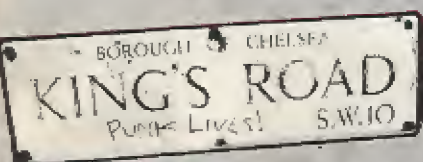
CONFLICT

SIOUXSIE

INFA RIOT

GBH

A Kings Road punk. Pic by Tony Mottram



**STILL
THE
HANGOUT
FOR
PUNKS**
REPORT
INSIDE

DEAD

pic by Tony Mottram

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

I DON'T TALK TO POP STARS

I don't talk to pop stars
and they don't talk to me
it's a mutual arrangement —
the way we like to be
I don't talk to pop stars
they make me feel depressed
and I won't sit in dressing rooms
and watch them get undressed
I don't talk to pop stars
they really piss me off
I hope they die in poverty
like poor Vincent van Gogh
I don't talk to pop stars
and I hope that you don't too
'cos if you've talked to Adam Ant
then I won't talk to you
I don't talk to pop stars
won't share their cans of beer
I never nick their underpants
I'd better make that clear
I don't talk to pop stars
I think they should be shot
or gassed, or hung, or sterilised
or the whole bloody lot
I don't talk to pop stars
they really make me sick
especially that Cooper Clarke
he really is a prick
I don't talk to pop stars
they really make me vomit
I'd rather clean out lavatories
or study Halley's comet
I don't talk to pop stars
I wish they'd go away
and I walk they'd go away
and I walk out of pop concerts
when pop stars start to play
I don't talk to pop stars
but listen to my plea —
one day, if I'm a pop star,
will you still talk to me?

© ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

Attila has a new album of his rantings, 'Ranting At The Nation' out on Cherry Red Records at the moment and he's also starting his own ranting and poetry magazine soon. If you think you have any good rantings or poems send them to him c/o Cherry Red Records, 53 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2 4BA.



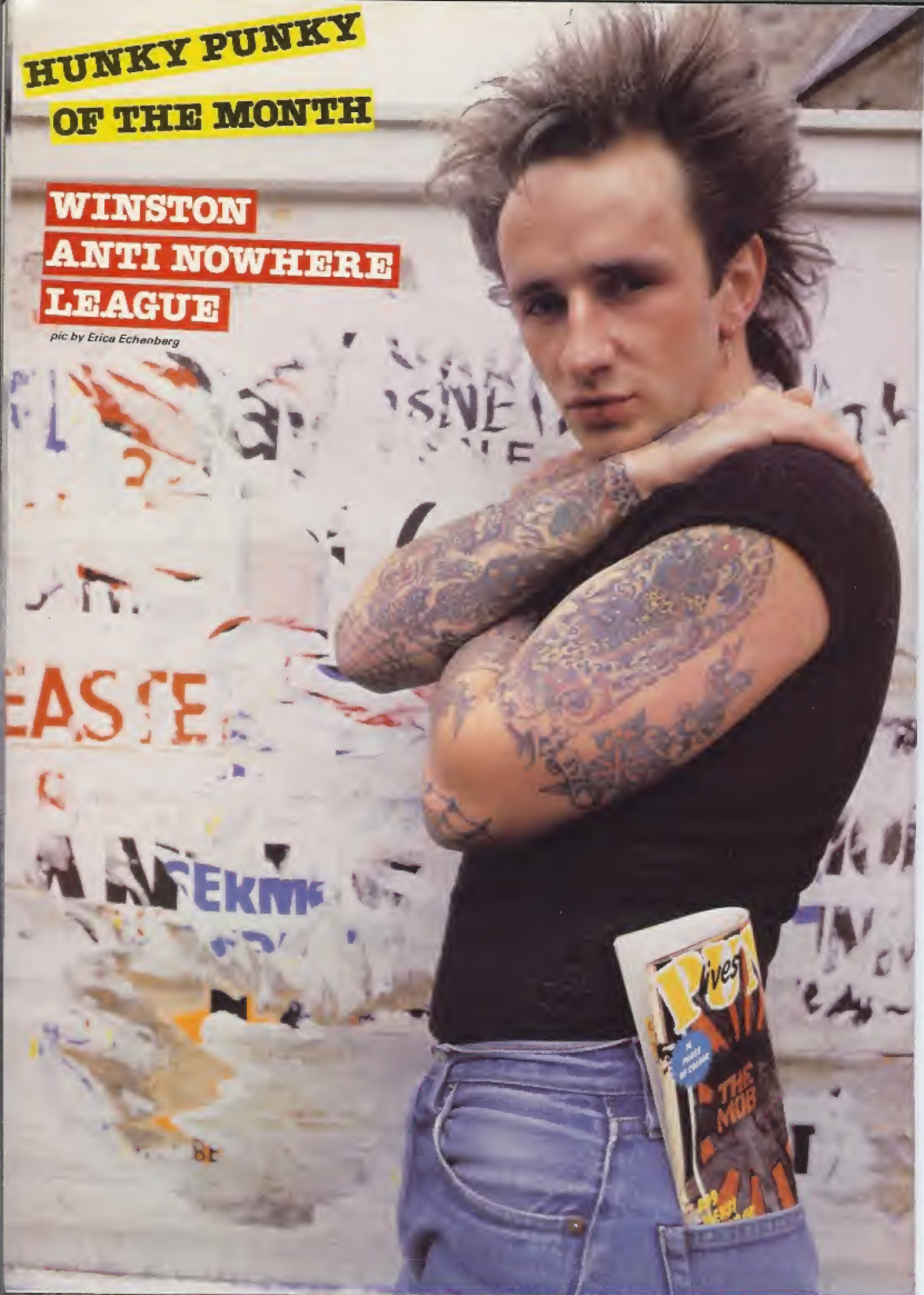


**COLIN
&
JOCK
GBH**

**HUNKY PUNKY
OF THE MONTH**

**WINSTON
ANTI NOWHERE
LEAGUE**

pic by Erica Echenberg



inside leg!

WINSTON — ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

Full Name: Winston Blake
 Nickname: Winnie B
 Birthdate: 17.7.57
 Family: Lorraine — twin daughters, Sian and Rebecca
 Height: 6 ft
 Weight: 12 ½ stone
 Colour of eyes: Brown
 Food: Kidney beans and paté on wholemeal bread
 Drink: New Orleans Hurricane
 Colour: Black
 Actor: Bob Hoskins
 Actress: Sally Ann Field
 Movie: The Long Good Friday
 TV Programme: Gangster Chronicles and The Young Ones
 Band: Terminal Twist — (from Tunbridge Wells)
 Person: Too numerous to mention but they know who they are
 Most Hated Person: Piggy — our roadie
 Most Hated Pets: Susie, me mum's mongrel
 How often do you change your underpants: Every time I have a bath
 First Love: Mrs Chapman, my best friend's mum
 First Disappointment: Not being able to marry her at the age of eight
 First Gig: US Airforce Base — Laken Heath — Norfolk 1980
 First Record: First LP — Tighten Up Vol.1 — Various Artists
 Clothes: American 30's and 40's style
 Car: Buick Grand Sport (Green) The League's staff car
 Pastime: Course fishing — lakes and ponds
 Best Live Appearance: Zagreb — Yugoslavia — April 1983
 Ideal Home: Country mansion with fishing lake
 Worst Experience: Motorcycle accident
 Funniest Experience: Magoo being arrested for indecent exposure in Tunbridge Wells
 Criminal Record: Double Album
 Bass Guitarist: Mark King — Level 42
 All Time Record: 'When It Comes To Loving, I'm Alright' — Vic Taylor
 Comedians: Marx Brothers
 Guitars: Manson
 Person I Would Like To Be: My real self
 Most Embarrassing Moment: When I saw my mate's wife in the street and forgot his name
 Fantasy: Living it out at the moment
 How Many tattoos do you have? Not enough
 What turns you on about women: Small breasts and pierced nipples
 What do you do at night when the lights are off: Masterbate vigorously while wearing women's underpants



■ **BAD BRAINS**, the totally unconventional New York all black Punk/Rastafarian outfit who have been banned from their native Washington DC, and recently played a British tour, have just finished recording a new album. A single from the album, 'I AND I SURVIVE' was released earlier this year, on Food For Thought Records.

■ **MICHELLE OF Brigandage** and **Punk Lives** own Richard Kick present a new punk pirate show on Our Radio Station. Although there's no regular time for the station, you should be able to hear Michelle and Richard on a Saturday at 5.00 pm. You can hear them by tuning into 235-238 metres and 12.78 khz.

■ A TWO-DAY rock event, to be billed, 'Down And Out Among The Dossers' is being organised for August 6 and 7 at Borrowash, Derbyshire.

The organisers say they are searching for bands nationally, of any musical credence, e.g. Punk/Oi/Reggae/Rock, opposed to the growing alienation in living standards, being enforced upon the unemployed and low-paid.

The event will be staged in collaboration with several organisations and all proceeds (after expenditure) will be equally divided. Bands interested, send cassette, to Age Link, 39 Denbigh Street, Chaddesden, Derby or for further enquiries, contact co-organiser, Pat Dixon, on Derby 752023.

■ **THE TOWNS** of Lubljana and Zagreb in Yugoslavia are recovering from a tidal wave of Anti-Nowhere League (pictured below) hysteria which engulfed them recently.

The League arrived in Lubljana to play a concert in front of 3,000 punks, students and representatives who wouldn't let them off stage until they had played four encores.

Later the League played a festival of contemporary music and arts, a festival that covers such a wide range that on the day following the League's show they presented the Bolshoi Ballet accompanied by the Dresden Symphony Orchestra. In fact, the League and orchestra were sharing the same hotel.

To top it all, ANWL's Animal was going through airport security at Zagreb when the x-ray machine showed strange things in Animal's bag. When checked the security official finds the bag is full of chains, padlocks, handcuffs, steel neckband & studded jock strap, confusion reigns and Animal & The offending articles are dragged in front of the chief of police. After a long confusing interrogation he is eventually convinced that Animal is in fact a performer from the arts festival with his stage attire and not some kind of kinky hi-jacker.

YOUR OWN PUNK CHART

YES, now's your chance to take part in our READERS CHART.

We want to compile a chart from what you actually play and enjoy rather than from sales figures.

If you send in a list of your CURRENT favourite five singles and five albums — not your ALL-TIME faves okay, but the ones you play most at the moment — then we can have a chart that reflects YOUR views.

RICHARD KICK SINGLES

1. Spit Upon Your Grave — Blood & Roses.
2. Five Minutes Of Fame — Twisted Nerve.
3. Zulu's On A Time Bomb — Malcolm McLaren.
4. Kangaroo Court EP — Ritual.
5. When You Smile — Dream Syndicate.

ALBUMS

1. Fetish — Xmal Deutschland.
2. Let The Tribe Increase — The Mob.
3. Grapes Of Wrath — Spear Of Destiny.
4. Totales Turns — The Fall.
5. 1st Issue — Public Image Limited.

My top ten US albums are:

1. It's Alive — (live, double) — Ramones.
 2. I've Got A Gun — Channel 3.
 3. Plastic Surgery Disasters — Dead Kennedys.
 4. Damaged — Black Flag.
 5. Subterranean Jungle — Ramones.
 6. MDC — MDC.
 7. Rocket To Russia — Ramones.
 8. Fear Of Life — Channel 3.
 9. Witch Trials — Dead Kennedys.
 10. Ramones — Ramones.
- W.D.D. from the Trash and Psychotherapy Fanzine, Ipswich.

TONY PUPPY SINGLES

1. Death Party EP — Gun Club.
 2. D'Ya Like Scathing? — Malcolm McLaren With The World's Famous Supreme Team Show.
 3. Autonomia — Soldiers Of Fortune.
 4. Angry Songs EP — Omega Tribe.
 5. Let Go (Vintage '77) — Johnny Thunders.
- ### ALBUMS
1. Let The Tribe Increase — The Mob.
 2. Its Time To See Who's Who — Conflict.
 3. Clash 1st.
 4. Kiss In The Dreamhouse — Siouxsie & The Banshees.
 5. Going Steady — Buzzcocks.

DR SYN SINGLES

1. Incubus Succumbus — Xmal Deutschland.
2. Rising From The Dread — UK Decay.
3. Sebastianne — Sex Gang Children.
4. Mind Disease — Ritual.
5. I Am A Horse — Kabuki.

ALBUMS

1. Fetish — Xmal Deutschland.
2. The 4 P's — Dead Man's Shadow.
3. Mercury Theatre — Action Pact.
4. The Whip — Various.
5. Song and Legend — Sex Gang Children.



CONFLICT-A WAY

BREAK DOWN THAT FENCE

Punk Lives: I heard the album has taken a long time to come out?

Conflict: We recorded it last July but it took a long while to scrape up the money for the cover. We had the front picture from as far back as 'House That Man Built' days, I've always wanted to use it as it represents really good things — history proving that everything's been taken away from us, it seemed right to make it medieval.

A lot of people didn't even know it was our album, I think it was important to have a cover like that because it's broken a lot of barriers, widened our audience and spread our beliefs to a lot more people.

It's sold so much more than anything else we've ever done... and that must partly be to do with the cover.

PL: Do you think really young people, the 13-15 year olds, understand what you're trying to put across on the album or do you think they might just see it as a nice punk record?

Conflict: I think it'd be hard for it not to hit home, we've gone out of our way to make it not a nice safe punk LP. I suppose a lot of people have got it home and thought, 'fucking hell, what's all this about', and don't want to know.

There's still a few letters asking for photos and that but most really seem interested in what we're doing. We put as much as we can into the reply, stuff on Marches, the B.U.A.V. (anti-violence) and Animal Liberation leaflets. Stick them in and then it's up to the person.

It isn't alright just to think, 'oh, I've bought this record, I'm part of what Conflict or Crass are doing' because they're not. It's not buying the record, it's acting on its statements.

THAT JUICE IS BLOOD

PL: Say some kid living at home bought the album and 'Meat Means Murder' hit a chord in their heart. They turn to their parents and go, 'mum, I don't want to eat meat anymore'.

Conflict: I think everyone should have the choice not to eat meat, I can't see a parent being that upset. My parents just said the choice was mine.

If someone said to their parents, 'I don't want to eat meat' after hearing the album I think it'd be great. I'd honestly love that to happen.

PL: Rock & roll was about rebelling against your parents but this is doing it in a real way.

Conflict: We've all been through the thing of rebelling against our parents — like going deliberately out of the way to cause a stir. It's time to be a bit more creative, rebel from a different angle — it shouldn't even be broken down into the young and old.

PL: If the album inspires people how do you feel you can help them push it further?

Conflict: From the stage of getting people to believe in things; if they think it's right, like the vegetarian thing, it's to make a stand in their life against it — anything to do with it.

PL: Even if that means leaving home?

Colin: Yes, if you really think it's wrong to slaughter animals to eat, and you have to move out because of it — I think you should live the way you want to live.

"THIS TIME WITH FEELING..."

Conflict: From the political angle there's a lot of things in our lyrics that are really heavy. We're not prepared to water them down, at

the expense of losing people who follow us because of them.

We don't really want people to follow us, we want them to do it themselves. We're a band that's come out to try and get our side of what's wrong out, try and put a stop to it.

PL: What do you think when you write your lyrics?

Conflict: What we're trying to do with the lyrics is create reality situations, where it involves people directly. A lot of our lyrics are you and me, as far as we're concerned we're just like anyone else in the audience and vice versa. I think that bond between the two is important.

PL: When you write songs do you ever feel they must have a message?

Conflict: Just lately the last couple of lyrics I've written have been about how I feel, they both seem to have a message. But yeah, I think it would worry me if they didn't.

Most feelings are messages, there's always somebody who's going to agree with you somewhere.

CRAZY GOVERNMENTS

PL: One of your big stands is that "All Government is wrong" — with the election coming up don't you think, 'oh one's not as bad as the other'?

Conflict: No, because once you rely on any type of Government they're never going to do things the way we want them to — the only way that's going to happen is if we do it ourselves.

A lot of people think it's a bit negative saying 'Don't Vote' — what I'm saying is we don't need to vote because we can create so much on our own. Making our own lifestyles.

It's no good saying, 'we're changing the world by not voting', you've got to be creating something to show there's no need to vote.

The people with the power in this country are not going to say, 'here it is, do what you want with it'. I think that any real big change is going to be a violent change.

THEY TELL US WE CAN'T. I KNOW WE CAN

PL: We've given a lot of help to people who've said, 'we're trying to do this or get that done, can you help us raise money for it'. We can help that way, and in doing things that need to be done — but we're only four people without time to do everything. I don't want to say 'you should do this' because it means we're being moved into a type of leadership, but if you don't say anything it gets muddled up and looks as if you're just sitting back.

PL: Is that a problem in your own lives, people say, 'help us help us', and you don't have time for your own problems?

Conflict: In the last year Conflict has taken over my life and I don't have the time to do anything else.

I want to go out and enjoy myself, but in a way you're not allowed to do what you want to do — so I'm really glad that 99% of my life is doing things constructively to fight against this situation. Whether it's replying to letters or going out rescuing animals, it makes me feel good to know I'm not sitting around doing nothing.

"TAUGHT TO COMPETE AGAINST OTHER PEOPLE ON THE STREET"

Conflict: You see things in a weird perspective, a couple of years ago I could go

CONFLICT are Colin on vocals, John on bass, Paco on drums, Steve on guitar and Paul doing visuals and tapes.

Formed in South East London early 1981, they soon built up a large live following. Their hard-edged blockbusting sound coupled with their no compromise views on Governments, War, Police and media manipulation attracted fans from both the Anarchist and Oi sections of punk.

Their first EP was on Crass Records, called 'House That Man Built'. Coming out last summer, it was followed later in the year by a 'Live At The Anarchy Centre' EP on Xntrix.

Forerunners in their anti meat-eating and anti-violence, they have popularised both to the extent they are mentioned in the same breath as CND and Anarchy.

One of the more notable features about Conflict is their willingness to take their protests further than just singing about them. They spend as much time in active participation as they do onstage or in the studio.

Steve Ignorant of Crass is guesting on their new single, 'A Nation of Animal Lovers', likewise vocalist Colin will be on Crass's next recording — a mutual admiration between both has led to a strengthening of the Anarchist feel of current day punk.

A strengthening that has seen Conflict's 'It's Time To See Who's Who' debut LP crashing straight to the top of the Punk charts, staying there for many weeks.

Present at the interview were Colin and Paco of Conflict, Tony Puppy and AL of Punk Lives.

Perhaps one of the most important interviews you may read in Punk Lives, we print it as it was.

Interview:
TONY PUPPY

Picture:
TONY MOTTRAM

OF SAYING NO



to any concert and everything'd be alright. Now there's the constant feeling that someone's gonna come up and either want to talk which is alright, but also you think, 'what if those 10 or 30 skinheads over there recognise me'. And that's a frightening feeling, to feel you've annoyed people so much. I think it's got to be done, even if it comes to sacrificing your own entertainment I think it's worth doing.

PL: If there's trouble or some 'seig-heiling' going on at a concert would you try to stop it?

Conflict: At our own concerts, we wouldn't stop for some seig-heilers. I'd say something over the mike — but if it came to physical trouble or anyone in the audience getting attacked we'd stand in and stop it. Same as if I went to a concert; it's just automatic, a feeling inside when you don't like seeing other human beings getting hurt.

PL: But when you say 'any change will be violent'...

Conflict: In one of our songs, 'Blind Attack', we say 'you can't change things through violence and hate'. It's a very tribal song, we're taking the sides of the Margate scenes — things like that aren't changing anything.

You've got mods and rockers and skins and punks kicking the shit out of each other and it's doing nothing but support the lifestyle they've been put under.

I couldn't really call Conflict a pacifist band. We believe in peace, and without trying to use labels we're an anarchist band who believe in individuality. If someone was going to walk all over everything we've done and crush our ideas then I'd fight to stop them doing it. I believe what we're doing is worth fighting for.

THEY THINK WE ARE THEIR SCAPEGOATS

PL: Do you think people realise how much effort goes into Conflict?

Conflict: No, I don't think half the time they do, because Conflict's more than a band. We've got bits and pieces going on here and there and everywhere. Even things like Mortarhate Tapes we do take a lot of time, to try and give bands like Icons Of Filth some decent distribution.

It's worth the effort of doing it all, the only piss-off is that, on the last tour, people were coming up asking for things like autographs and stuff. I want to work on the same level as people and share things. It's a dangerous area — I'd like people to respect what we're doing, our ideas, but I'd hate it for us to be treated any different as people.

I get despondent when we get letters

saying, 'now you're No 1 you must be rolling in money, you're just pop-stars'. I don't think we've ever come back from a tour without losing money.

PL: How would you deal with it if you became treated as some sex-symbol punk, like Col of GBH?

Conflict: I don't think it could happen, we're constantly fighting it — all that crap that was in Sounds Jaws-page was so much bullshit it was unreal. Most people who want anything to do with us are going to see straight through that crap.

Up north people were saying 'Give us a bit of your shirt' — I had to turn around and say, 'look we're all mates right, there's no difference having my name on a bit of paper or a bit of me shirt, what's that going to do?'

THEY SAY IT'S IN THE NAME OF LAW

PL: With your anti-war, anti-army and nuclear songs; people say if we had no weapons the Russians would march all over us. How do you counter that?

Conflict: It's so stupid, it's like saying, 'if I don't carry this knife someone's going to stab me on the corner tonight'. It's silly, obviously we think that everyone should give up arms, not just one set of people.

PL: You were attacked quite badly before weren't you?

Conflict: I was hit a couple of years ago with a cider bottle that went through into my right eye. Blinded it for awhile and the vision won't ever be the same again.

After that I was really paranoid for a couple of months and found myself carrying things in case it happened again.

Then I realised, it was only one incident in the whole 17 years of my life up to then, it wasn't worth throwing away everything I was trying to do because some morons did what they thought was smart or whatever.

PL: People gave you stick about not supporting 'our boys' in The Falklands...

Conflict: We haven't slagged off British soldiers, we're against War in general. War and the false patriotism behind it.

We show people what they get for their patriotism, dead bodies. The only people who get anything out of it are the people in power.

A thing like the Falklands was fought because of the oil in the Antarctic, it's so obviously true. They didn't send in all those troops just to get the flag back up.

It's like Northern Ireland, the reason they don't withdraw the troops is because of the millions of pounds they have in factories and property there. Property they robbed in the

first place.

DISCIPLES PACKING BULLETS FOR THE RIFLES

PL: Did you ever get to play the Belfast Anarchy Centre?

Conflict: No, Crass and Poison Girls did, we're still trying to get a contact there — the Centre's closed now but we really want to try and play there. If anyone can help us get something organised contact us through Corpus Christi (P.O. Box, 279, London N22 4NU).

One concert isn't going to change much for the people who live there but it's important to experience it, to show your support. I don't think it's going to be very long before it's like that here, more road-blocks, security units, we've already got the secret police...

PL: The Belfast police-chief is head of the Metropolitan Police now isn't he? If it does happen do you think it will be possible to continue here?

Conflict: The only way to combat that, I don't know what you can say in print really. There was a time at Wapping Anarchy Centre when our gig was supposed to get smashed up; before everyone would've walked round biting their nails — but there the feeling was, 'they're not going to smash this place up', and you got people watching from balconies, and down by the front door waiting for them. Everyone was ready — that sort of preparedness, it shows what people can do for themselves.

YOU TRY TO IGNORE US BUT WE'LL NEVER GO AWAY

PL: When you send out address's and leaflets with letters, do you think that builds up a network of contacts?

Conflict: Our latest idea has been an Action Sheet with a list of events and places on it, it's hard to keep it relevant as we get letters from all over the country... we've just had a whole load taken away for incitement.

PL: Is that to do with the new single?

Conflict: Yeah, it's inner cover to 'A Nation Of Animal Lovers'. They stopped the van because of an accident I had awhile back and took a whole load of stuff out, which they kept. We're being done for 'incitement', they're not sure on which charge yet.

I had an over-the-top piece I'd written saying things like "We've Protested Long Enough". It'll probably mean a fine, but we'll still put it out, you have to show you're going to fight back, that you won't stop when the police get heavy.

THE SCREAMS OF ANOTHER BARMY ARMY

Conflict: The Exploited are a joke, a circus that makes me sick. They say 'Punk's Not Dead' whilst they're slitting its throat. Trying to organise our tour, three punk venues have had to close down in the last month. The Exploited played them and smashed them up!

Where things were becoming a blurred vision, slipping away to just Destroy Destroy — we seem to have helped bring things back through so it's more creative.

A lot of people listen to us who won't listen to Crass, and we still have the respect of those who won't listen to The Exploited. We haven't had to change our look or say, "we're not this" or "we're that" — the reason we do interviews in *Sounds* and *Punk Lives* is because if we don't do it someone like the Exploited will. Then the creative, individual side gets swept under the carpet.

Singles

PART ONE

A GLANCE out the window reveals the sun kissing the tops of the wizened old trees that mark the boundary of our territory. It is time, time to draw about my shoulders the trusty cape and walk once more amongst the ruins and the ruined.

Flitting unseen from shadow to concealing shadow I am soon in familiar, darkened back-passages that run concurrent (though unexplored) to the bustling city concourse. The clutter of broken bottles that once contained demon vodka, the flutter of discarded silk and lace oddments — these totems to a lifestyle of wasted debauchery show I am home. The only home I've ever known, here in The Twilight Zone.

Unscrewing the top of my only trusted friend, I hear the whispers and eerie musical strains before the bottle reaches its familiar, so familiar destination at my expectant lips.

Ah, by the blind crows of Cronos I can see things clearer now; come here little orphan and give me your name.

"Sebastiane" comes the sneer, in a voice that has been likened to a castrated alsatian.

SEX GANG CHILDREN: 'Sebastiane'/'Song And Legend' (Illuminated Records I11 20).

Two of their finest moments, the familiar clumbersome rhythms fleshed out with enticingly spectral violin and a newer, deeper, almost *Baal*ardian vocal from netherworld sex-symbol Andi. And a good production on a Sex Gang record! — what is going on?

They whisper something I can't quite make-out and are gone, to be replaced by a bone n' bamboo duo who've been living here since the night side of tenderness was first embraced.

THE CREATURES: 'Miss The Girl'/'Hot Springs In The Snow' (Wonderland SHE 1).

With a cold rush of winterworld efficiency, punctuated solely by rhythmic tubular-bells, the Sioux-girl tells a tale of sapphic love-after-death in a car-crash. Soon, all too soon they are driven away in a chauffeur-driven chariot.

And so must I attempt to regain an upright, alert stance for on the corner I see Alf Martin crying. I hear you Alf, I hear you and don't panic; The Violators, Stench and Skeptix also have a space in my gladdened, punkily beating heart.

PART TWO

STENCH: Moral Debauchery EP. 'Raspberry Cripple/Adoption/Nonces' (Sticky Label. Peel Off 5)

Forget the record Alf, let's play with the press-release: (perhaps print it in the Young Blood section with pic?) *OK, Tony no sooner said than done — Ed.*

Must we throw this clean-cut pop shit at our sicko crazed readers?

THE SKEPTIX: 'Routine Machine/Curfew' (Zenon Records. Skep 001).

After hearing this record, one German promoter offered them an expenses-paid trip to Cologne to record an LP. When you hear this single you too will be in no doubt — no doubt that the Germans must be severely lacking in the ear-department!

No seriously, this isn't half bad — burning through its three-odd minutes with the most enjoyable amphetamine guitar-riffing I've heard since the Lurkers. And watch those drum-sticks fly as vocalist Snotty eagerly loses his lungs in the bedlamic excitement.

THE VIOLATORS: 'Life On The Red Line/Crossings Of Sangsara' (Future Records FS 2).

A reshuffled line-up, replacing bone singer and guitarist, the Violators have come a long way since their 'Summer Of 81'. All the impressive way in fact to pre-crunch n' thud lands and have made a single that sounds like punk records used to be. The vocals lie atop an agreeably paced blend of bashing drums and tunelessly crashing guitar (which could've been mixed up a bit more in the production). Ah, the old days are back . . .

URBAN DOGS: 'Limo Life/War Head' (Fallout. Fall 11).

. . . and here comes the world-weary torch-bearer, Charles 'Boy' Harper. "A barnacle encrusted Rolling Stones," was jocular Dr Syn's diagnosis of this last issue

when it was but an LP track — harsh but fair is our resident physician and I can but agree.

PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES: 'Zombie Creeping Flesh/No Invitation/Smash & Grab' (Trapper Records. EARS 1).

UK's cider-sodden version of the Dead Kennedys, except that where Jello Biafra's concerned about facism and oppression our lads see the world more in terms of pub-bans and avoiding street-brawls.

This world-view and their 'pissed n' proud' philosophy has seen them rip the mantle from the shoulders of ANWL to become the biggest 'just a laugh' punk band in Britain. Even so this is a chronic record, its only grace being a nifty guitar-line and that alone can't save it from being a muddy, unmemorable mess.

Stuff this one down your underpants lads, it bites!

GODS GIFT: 'Discipline/Then Calm Again' (New Hormones. ORG 25).

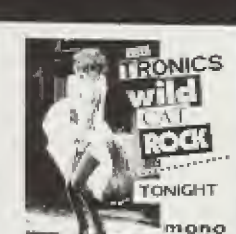
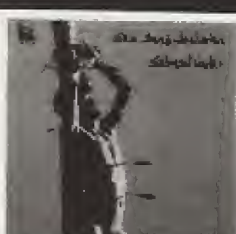
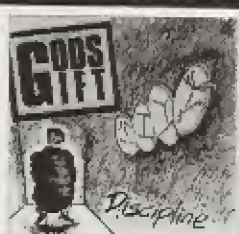
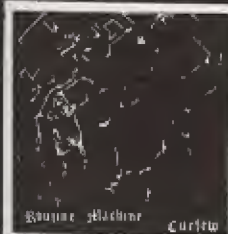
One of those records where the fragmented inspiration of the sleeve-notes and sober-press-release analysis ('turbine-sound . . . primitive assertion . . . minimalism . . . dissonance backed by crushing, powerful rhythm . . . NEW') attempt to make a sparkly Fall out of little more than a rather grey and wrinkled sow's ear.

However, I have an unnerving feeling it's going to be one of those grower-type beasts that make me regret saying such cruel things after I've heard it over a period of a few weeks.

OMEGA TRIBE: Angry Songs EP. 'Another Bloody Day/Profiteer/Is This A Future/Time For Change' (Crass Records. 221984/10).

So Crass Records reach double figures, and still I buy. This one took a few listenings; but being used to the Omegas erratic form live, I let them win me over slowly to this comparatively poppy debut.

Half the time Penny Rimbaud seems to want to produce another 'No Doves Fly Here' — the tinkling pianos on the first track give the game away — before letting them run riot with the 'Crass' 'So What' guitar-riff on the EP's best track, 'Profiteer'.



Powerful enough to nestle alongside The Mob and Conflict in my collection, I predict further releases from Omega Tribe could be VERY important indeed.

Sounding like they want to be on Crass Records are next band up.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE: 'Autonomia/Stars' (Total Darkness).

Mixing some fine bass runs into the decaying recipe for power n' protest, the Soldiers have come marching out of the blue with an outstandingly good single here.

A catchy chorus to 'Autonomia' keeps it in your head as the basic, drum-based sound thuds through your loins. One of those few records that makes me want to go out and see what the band can do live. Well worth a listen, should you have half a chance.

PART THREE

Now let's snatch a break here, I'm all fired up by the Soldiers Of Fortune; another bottle of vile, clear-coloured demon-brew calls my name and I feel the need to run out into the ripe night-air shouting rude things as I return to my secret alleyway.

GENOCIDES: 'Come Again/Born To Lose' (Action Records. Take 1)

JOHNNY THUNDERS: 'Let Go/Born To Lose/Chinese Rocks. (Jungle. JUNG 5).

On my way I pass four leather-clad lads from Preston who think they're Johnny Thunders incarnate.

Smirking behind them in his needle-shaped coffin is Old Man Thunders himself, he *knows* the essence of loose r'n'r is born not worn. And so do Jungle Records who periodically throw out unreleased Heartbreakers versions to prove the point.

The supreme version of 'Let Go' on this 12" should keep those damn impersonators quiet for a few more months.

THE TRONICS: 'Wild Cat Rock/Tonight' (Red Rhino. RED 31).

A recognisable figure round here, Mr Tronic, Ziro Baby gratefully accepts the small change I thrust upon him as he busks on the corner with a strangely faithful copy of every rock n' roll song you were probably conceived to.

From nowhere comes the howl of a

sub-rockabilly beat pounds from every cracked window, even the broken bottles seem to tap their jagged edges in unison. Like an old friend a voice calls out, *crawls* out in an alcohol induced gravelly slur, "comes to the death party, you ain't got nothing to lose", and every single nerve in my body prickles to attention as I fall-over in joyous, welcoming relief.

"I'm home, I'm home, wrap me in the warm, delicious excitement and pass that

Tapes

D-FEKT

A six track demo recorded in Stoke. The band formed in 1980 and have strong anti-war, anti-government views. The tape starts a bit like Discharge, reaches its climax on 'Flesheaters' and then gets a bit hum-drum. Very crashy and loud guitar chords, just a bit unimaginative by the end of 'Portrait To Notice'.

Available by sending a blank cassette and s.a.e. to:

Steve D-Fekt, 37, St Paul St., Middleport, Burslem, Stoke on Trent, Staffs ST6 4BZ.

THE APOSTLES: 'The Third Demo' (£1.20)

A band who release countless tapes, this is one I got sent about a month ago. It sounds interesting, going from doomy bass dominated songs to faster, punchy little tunes. Their lyrics read well but sound as if they're stuck on top of the songs as an afterthought.

Supposedly they've recently gone into a more Lou Reedy style but so far none of those tapes have reached this isolated outpost.

(Available from THE APOSTLES, Box 4, 136 Kingsland High St. London E8, enclose s.a.e.)

STONED RAYZENS: 'The World Is A Bad Joke, But Life Is What We Make It'

"If you have something worth while to say, dress it up in the glittering robes of entertainment and you find a ready market... just make sure the market doesn't turn into the entertainment", they say in the accompanying letter — and proceed to demonstrate this philosophy with a varied hour of bits taped off the radio jutting in and out of their songs.

Their songs are sometimes Fall-like rantings and sometimes Bau Hausian tunes. Very atmospheric. They suggest

listening to it in a dark room late at night with the door locked. The best tape received this month! (Apart from Alien Sex Fiend) (send C60 tape of £1 s.a.e. to 91 Springhill Cres., Madeley, Telford, Salop.



Four other tapes available from same address, two from the Stoned Rayzens and one each from Parental Control and Personal Liberation).

COLD WAR

(Contact Chris, 291 Goodwood Ave, Hornchurch, Essex).

A four track demo, uninspired though faintly experimental sort of rock. I've seen them play a few times and still can't recall a single moment of their gigs. One of those sort of bands.

ALIEN SEX FIEND

A four track demo arrived, clawed its way into the tape machine and spat out highly addictive noises and we let it, Jesus did we let it.

See feature this issue, also these four tracks are now on their F.O. Records tape release, details also in feature. Highly recommended, in fact you'd be fools not to let them come into your life.

A PARTLY SATIRIC

HENRY SPENCER goes round an

"I REALLY feel I have a purpose for being in this group, I don't know why, I think it's gland secretion; There's no real explanation, it's just something that's *within* me, screaming to get out."

Satellites' singer Derek smiles, and the manic sparkle in his eyes — perhaps due to the strain of concealing amusement at a private joke, or maybe it's his heroin addiction — is quite frankly, rather disturbing. Is he, or is he not, for real?

And, for that matter, are the Satellites themselves for real? Their recent, bitingly appealing third single — a refreshing, breezy yet basically punk-rooted number, entitled 'Nightmare' — along with a formidable, semi-notorious history stretching back for five years, (Derek, incidentally, was the fiend on the cover of Vertigo's 1977 'New Wave' LP) suggest an answer very much in the affirmative.

So yes, indeed they are for real, but as a 'band' in the established, pliantly acceptable music biz defined sense? *Ha!*

Where was bassist John, when Derek, accompanied by guitarist Sneak Deacon, arrived at our Park Royal rendezvous? In *bed*, that's where, and it took a long trek through the Satellites' West London stomping area before this utterly disinterested, indisputably *large* musician, was dragged from the land of nod a couple of miles away, at his (admittedly comfortable) Alperton flat.

Only drummer Jim Kane remained undetected, so owing to such unusual circumstances, it was decided to set the ball rolling without him . . .

Previous to 'Nightmare', two Satellites singles (each released in 1980) — the quantity bludgeoning, underground punk anthem 'Urban Gorilla', and its follow up — 'Human Being', have both enjoyed the benefits of production from the nimble hands of Rat Scabies, a man who even today is to be found at the controls whenever West London's finest are locked away in the recording studio.

Derek glows with obvious pride. "How did we meet him? We supported the White Cats when Rat was with him, he actually said to us that the earth moved and he could hear his hair growing."

Why do you suppose he's stuck by the Satellites?

"Why? Because he has great *faith* in us, and in our ability to take the world by the scruff of its neck."

In the shadows, something stirs; It's 'Big' John, wiping sleep from his eyes and valiantly fighting his way towards a reasonable level of consciousness . . .

Well, Satellites, *are* you, as you suggest, taking the world by the scruff of its neck, or not?

John (senses awakened by this provocative probing): "We are! *Absolutely!* But the world doesn't realise it yet, we're doing it behind its back."

Derek: "We're doing it really slowly, because we have an intimate knowledge of the terrain that other people do not possess."

And the Satellites' lengthy exploration of rock 'n' roll's remorselessly punishing terrain, does suggest this could be true.



SATELLITES: A joke or serious?

One memorable period in the band's history, was a re-surgence of cheap, accessible, anti-(punk) establishment activity, which they and others, spearheaded as long ago now as 1978.

This re-vitalisation — succinctly tagged 'The Second Uprising' — with stirring declarations published in the music press, and many enthusiastic bands involved — including Primitive Punk legends London Pride, and perhaps more paradoxically, Kirk Brandon's original mouth-piece, The Pack — looked set to have a massive impact . . .

Derek, "We just felt that punk had

completely sold out. We returned to the streets and took punk back from the roots, and we've stayed there ever since. Everything I see around me is insincere, and I just don't want to be a part of it.

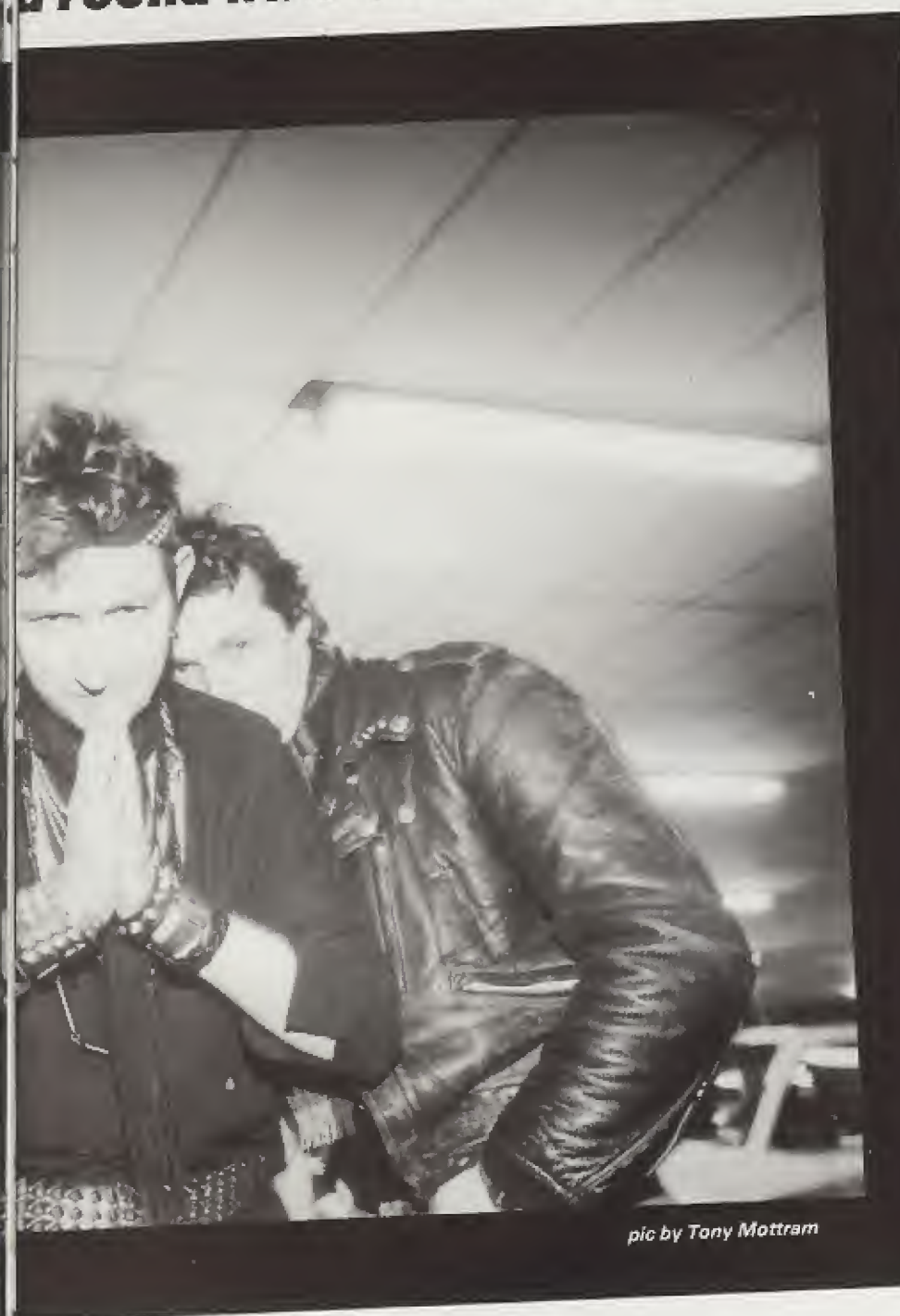
"We could have sold out and become acceptable *years* ago," he adds, "but we didn't, we just wanted to be horrible and nasty. We're *glad* we're not successful."

The Second Uprising blazed defiantly into 1979, but eventually, (and inevitably) bands broke up, various ideals went their separate ways, and Kirk Brandon? He ended up on Top Of The Pops.

Derek bears no malice.

CAL BROADCAST!

Round with the Satellites



pic by Tony Mottram

"We felt, why isn't it us? But we realised, it was because we were rubbish."

But isn't it frustrating, surely, for him to consider the steady rise to fame of Brandon while with Theatre of Hate?

"Frustration, yeah," he ponders, "yeah, it is frustrating, but then again, in my dreams at night, I realise we've got to have a really slow period before the going gets good."

A 'slow' five year period?

"Yeah, we're just learning our craft."

Now, something suggests the Satellites aren't treating the hallowed *Punk Lives* Interview Situation with quite the level of humbled reverence it so richly deserves. In

fact, they don't appear to take anything seriously at all . . . How many readers recall the band's bizarre 'Eeyore' master-plan, originally disclosed in a 1980 issue of *Sounds*.

Let's re-cap.

Derek: "We were just sick of all these categories, and wanted to invent our own, so we called it 'Eeyore' because it was so ridiculous, something that no-one could make head nor tail of."

"You get all these groups," he continues, "and they're so self-important: We're just blowing that whole thing away . . . I think groups should just be there to bash out a twelve-bar boogie and have some fun."

"We're just showing how everyone else is a joke. All these political stance groups take — They probably don't understand the real fundamentals of politics, and so I don't think they're really qualified to talk about it, whereas we don't have to be qualified to sing about our subjects, because it's just everyday life, a satellite's-eye view of the world — It's just what we see when we're in orbit."

And when you look at 'Nightmare' — your recent top selling single — what do you see?

Sneak: "Everybody has nightmares don't they. This whole life is a nightmare, let's face it."

Derek (dire-faced and soulful): "The whole world is a nightmare . . . Actually, the song's specifically about my epileptic fits, but I don't want to harp on about them."

Okay, now come on guys! Just why is it you seem hell-bent on wreaking as much anti-structuralist mayhem in this interview as you possibly can?

The singer remains unmoved. "We're just being ourselves, this is what we're like all the time, to anybody. We're not just putting on a contrived image just because it's an interview."

"Listen!" Bellows John, "Life is contradictory."

"Exactly," enthuses Derek, "he's summed it up. All our songs are about schizophrenia and hypocrisy, because the human being is schizophrenic and hypocritical."

(Sigh of despair/anxiety . . .) Look, does it not bother you, being just . . . A JOKE?

Derek's eyes glaze over in indignation.

"A joke?" He cries, "We're not a joke."

John: "We're really serious, it just so happens we're very cynical at the same time, and the cynical side of the Satellites is the joke. It's not so much black humour, as opaque."

Are you content in your relative obscurity?

Derek: "No, we want to move on. We want to get across to more people and create a real feeling. We want to play to massive audiences, because I think you can still have a really intimate atmosphere, even with sixty thousand people in a crowd, if you're really, like, communicating."

How long can you keep all this up?

Sneak: "As long as it stays fun."

Derek: "And even when it's boring and miserable, we'll still do it. It's our lives, what else could we do?"

John wags a wisened finger, theorising as usual.

"I like being bored," he announces, "being bored makes your life go longer, it's a fact. If you want to live forever, make every minute of your day as boring as possible."

The bassist's massive digit sinks from view, and his attention turns to Derek.

With the merest hint of amusement in his eyes, the singer speaks.

"A satellite orbits around the earth, looking at things, feeding back and communicating information, and that's what we do," he pauses for maximum effect, "and that's why we're called the Satellites."

You could have cut the silence with a knife.

LPs

SO THIS IS GLORY? — VARIOUS ARTISTS:

'A Country Fit For Heroes' (No Future Records, OI 23) SINGLE — 12 tracks. Featuring: Patrol, Mania, Government Lies, On Parole, Criminal Damage, A.B.H., Cadaverous Clan, Impact, Intensive Care.

WELL I love the music, the problem is when they start to sing. The music is mostly good, even brilliant punk rock. The words and vocals are dull and boring. The track by Mania is totally offensive. . . . "fight war not wars is what they say but I can see the commas under your bed" ('Blood Money')

Yeah, Maggie would really love these people. Well I put a curse on you. The cover is a picture of a woman with five kids in a tiny room plus cooker. The way too many people really live. But the songs are the same old stuff — war is stupid, I'm a criminal and wanna riot. Wow.

Punk meant something when it sang about how people really felt. About the boredom and being young. If these nine bands could write songs about how they really FELT and not just clichés about what Gary Bushell or Crass or what anyone else says "punk" is, then it would really be more than three minutes of boppy noise. It sounds too much like taking a favé punk band from '78 and sticking eighties words onto the music.

Don't be scared of the past, punk is about NOW, 1983, not 1977. It gets to the stage where punk is just like any other rock thing — except that it is nostalgia for the late seventies rather than the fifties to sixties or . . . OK, if that's what you want great, nostalgia is fun, but don't pretend it has any relevance to today.

Put on the first Clash album. Are you in a band? Do you feel you could be as good as the Clash, could be better than them? Or any other of the mythical greats? Cos it needs that arrogance, that knowledge "We're not as good as them, we're better". That's what made the first punk bands do it.

"I'm so bored with the Sex Pistols . . ." Stop whingeing about having no future and make your own. All those bands are rich and fat and boring — it's your turn now, the whole thing happens again, nothing but bland crap in the charts, nothing but boring rock stars in the papers. All the stuff they talked about in '76 is for real now. This is a fascist regime and what ya gonna do about it? None of the music on this album feels angry, no one sounds like they care . . . Punk is so safe these days (but we still can't

get served in pubs . . . well what are you doing in there anyhow?) They build up walls and rules and call it punk. Kick them down again! . . . or you ain't got a hope.

Let's talk about individual tracks?

Patrol from Scotland start the noise with a 'Star Spangled Banner' guitar intro to 'Unknown Soldiers'. This spark of individuality is soon lost into a faceless barrage, ditto their second track.

On Parole (also Scottish) have a Ruts-like feel but waste it with clichéd lyrics like, "Don't want to be a puppet of society".

Criminal Damage play Black Sabbath and shout "Oi Oi" a lot as they glorify the violence of some 'Criminal Crew'. They live in Eastbourne. ABH, obviously the biggest Vice Squad fans in Lowestoft.

Through a totally indistinctive second side to Intensive Care who sound a bit like PIL on 'Ghost Town', pity their other track on this shows no signs of life.

The other bands featured here, Government Lies, Cadaverous Clan and Impact just churn by without a trace.

All the music on this record is good, it's also all bad. Rule one — if *Sounds* like it, it's crap. Rule two — if *NME* does, your dead.

No one would write about punk then, no one would play the records, the gigs got banned — because it was a threat to their safe little worlds. A threat, not because it was some macho violent crap (like football hooligans), but a threat to a whole way of life. Punk is too easy to understand these days, too easy to file in a neat little corner, it doesn't confuse, it doesn't . . . "want excitement, don't get none, I go wild . . . find out for yourself . . ." A.L.

SPEAR OF DESTINY: 'Grapes Of Wrath' (Epic).

IT WAS no surprise when Theatre Of Hate finally split up. I say finally because they just seemed to have gone on that little bit too long. About five months too long. They gave us some high old times and there'll doubtless be parties in the homesteads for some time to come. Spear are here.

I too have the right to be a prat so let me take you (briefly) through the album, track by track, giving initial thoughts on the songs because it's the immediate that counts. It's very rare for a song to only hit you later.

'The Wheel'. Brilliant is all! Old Kirk's twittering away as usual and it'll be a while before his intent slips through but musically there exists a lithe away and it should be this way. The sax pops in and out and the bass drums maintain a steady beat that we pop kids like. The difference here is that the bass and drums could carry on with little changes as though they were the whole song for they have the basis of all tunes with them. When the guitar creeps in, your ears prick up and they stop. You look destroyed and they start up again, the guitar adding all the while. This is a hail of an opener. Wheel, wheel who would have guessed.

'Flying Scotsman'. Mellow fellows. Lilt of the highlands. It's almost singalong. I like.

'Roof Of The World'. The world is flat but has no walls. Therefore it has no roof. Now I'm no fool, although it was only last night that I found out Japan is an island, but I know this to be both gear and ginchy. A lot of people in the letters section have said "Cover T-o-H" or "Don't cover T-o-H". The bands to cover are the *best* ones. Is this influenced by old Sam 'n' Dave tunes? Well Koik? It must be what with slithering mood sax and dated guitar. Not a duff track so far!

'Aria'. This is something special. This truly is romantic. Oh I know I'm meant to be rough and tough and we only like music to throw ourselves around to but there comes a time when the heart oscillates. People who just want the same old stuff aren't going to gain anything from this album but the developers will.

'Solution'. This is as near to the old bluster and searing flame that you'll get and of course it's stirring. I was thinking actually, the way they blend vocals and music, and the way they actually write it, it's destined to tear your innards this way and that. It has that light kind of edge which draws you to it and as you enter the door

your friends wait outside. When you re-appear they quit you but your exhilaration is essentially private; they'd never understand. Spear, as were Hate, are the kind of band you relish alone at times.

Side Two pillocks, so let's get with it . . .

'The Murder Of Love'. Dipping and dripping with emotion, the other side of 'Love Is A Ghost' in a way. Fantastic drumming. The soully Dancing Did ending's supreme. Hang on! They'd slipped into 'The Preacher' when I wasn't ready! That last part was it. 'Omen Of The Times' and more Stan Stammers dictation. Castrati Kirk again. Odd voice he has for sure. 'The Man Who Tunes The Drums'. One thing here, and it's not about the music but the press. It's very easy to pull Kirk's (or Andi's or anyone's) lyrics apart by printing them out of (music-bound) context but that proves nothing. Everyone seems to be doing it. A pointless move. Anyway, 'Drums' is short, hustling and sweet. The lyrics are a stormier proposition and that's why the Kirk/Stan plus team always do great things. It can be the key for subversion as well as just (what do I mean 'just'!) music.

'Grapes Of Wrath'. Within this song, as with many others, the music can be languid, or two-thirds camp, whilst another third is virtually walling and yet they're together. What they do is genuinely intriguing and now they're not doing interviews anymore. Bugger it! MICK MERCER

THE GYMSLIPS: 'Rocking With The Renees' (Abstract Records ABT 006).

ON FIRST play I was smugly set to damn these 'pseudo-rebels' as wimpy plastic pop perpetrators playing K-Tel versions of classic punk tunes. 'There's an Eater riff, there's a Blondie and, Jesus, what a horrendous Clash rip-off,' you can imagine the sneer on my face.

Now I'm stuck, the first side has grown on me to the extent that I wear it as a second skin to go down the shops.

Well let's go. All the songs are about drinks, boys (falling in and out of lust) and pie 'n' mash — more like The Monkees than Test-tube Babies.

As self-proclaimed spokesgirls for the nation's Renees (female herberts as far as my field-research has shown) you'd expect a harder sound but no, the boppy Mod sixties pop feel to the best track, 'Barbra Cartland', takes the breath away, in the nicest possible way.

In fact to continue this line, I'd say this album is more the little Mod girls you see on Carnaby Street than the beer-swilling lasses they seem to think they are.

"A nightingale sang in Berkely Square, But my friend Babs wasn't there"

sorry about that, I just keep singing along to 'Barbra Cartland' without trying to analyse the thing. Perhaps it's all for the best. TONY PUPPY

ONE WAY SYSTEM: 'All Systems Go' (Anagram).

ONEWAY System's debut LP is to punk what The Exorcist is to horror movies. These spikey tops from Blackpool thrash out a barrage of hard hitting terrace style songs.

The band were possibly heading towards a rut with their run of the mill punk yells. To their credit they have now improved their sound and have got chaotic noise off to a fine art.

You can still appreciate the powerful tunes and the harsh lyrics are clear for all to hear. The songs are raw, forcing down your throat the problems the nation is currently suffering from.

'Waste Away' is the sorry face of many disenfranchised teenagers today. Jobless and penniless they turn to drugs as a means of release and then to theft to get the money now needed to buy the drugs. The sorry tale ends with the inevitable overdose.

In 'Forgotten Generation' the outlet for the tensions and frustrations is not drugs but violence. This air of despondency is also evident on 'Gutter Boy', and 'Slaughtered'.

The lyrics alone paint a rather gloomy picture of our society at present. However the sheer enthusiasm of the music brightens up the LP and offers a ray of hope.

One Way System have made an excellent debut LP, one of the best to come out of the



SPEAR OF DESTINY: intriguing

punk market in some time. It's obvious Blackpool has more going for it than a tower and sticks of rock, after all. **PAUL CASTLES.**

VARIOUS: 'The Whip' (Kamera).

WELL ON the face of it is an interesting idea. To give a compilation a sense of cohesion, to implant an idea in various bands' heads and then let their imaginations run riot, to produce a soundtrack for a film that doesn't exist. Basing ideas around 'The Whip'.

Oh yes it's interesting all right. The idea is. Unfortunately some of the bands or people involved just don't pull it off and we're left with a hotch potch. Some ideas stick and some fail abysmally. I'm mighty glad the GIG never came off just as I'm mightily pissed off that something as putrid and paltry as Short Commercial Break were allowed on. To me that just shows a hokey jokey attitude by those responsible. Maybe they ran short of possible bands to include on it. The humorous element, which isn't even remotely funny, just comes over as soiled linen.

Overall it's well worth it. It's just a shame it isn't all essential, because that's what's essential about the idea. Still never mind (he fumed) . . .

I had my doubts about Kamera being capable of doing this without ruining it. There's a certain suss missing somewhere. Let me take you by the balls and lead you down the alleyway where the songs (amongst other things) can be dissected.

'The Whip' by Dave Sex Gang starts appealingly with treated vocals and willowy blasted heath noises which recalls the sublime 'Vivisection' Toyah period but it trails off into a surprisingly amateurish bash.

Brilliant discover cast off Bauhaus disco rhythms and employ them to poor effect. 'Scream Like An Angel' functions well enough but it's merely there. It simpers. It doesn't even pout!

'The Hungry Years' by Andi and Marc Almond is a sizzling little double take that works well because of the infectiously simple beat and the nice contrast in their voices. Together they sing very well. We deserve to hear more things by this duo.

Someone called Matthew Best plays the 32nd (Thirty Seconds of it) piano concerto but so what?

Brigandage play one of their very best songs, 'Hide And Seek' that rollocks along with great drumming. But never mind the rollocks because here's side two and . . .

The disturbingly boring Dave Vanian. I say boring only because it is rather. It's nice dated 1930's horror flick and sixties swinging sounds. Keyboards, voices, chanting gently. NOT eerie. Grave error.

Play Dead get it wrong with the obvious approach. 'Blood Stains' is a good song but the musical core is too identikit. Think of an ethereal movement and then conjure up a tune. You have 20 seconds, starting from now. 20.19.18. 'Blood Stains'.

'ShM YhShVh' by Blood And Roses is okay. You know how these things are old chap. They go slow over an oodling drum beat and we all stand about looking serious or we twitch at the waist. It's not bad.

Fortunately what saves 'The Whip' from slipping into 'The Whimp' is the closing tracks . . . 'Slave Drive' by Slave Drive (a temporary name for the new Abbo/Eddie/Steve outing) and 'Oh Funny Man', by a reasonably fine Sex Gang Children.

The old Decay men in their new format sound totally recognisable here although the guitar emanates a softer blow. The drumming echoes and the bass booms. It's a tidy little song and it possesses itself well. This is eerie.

It's also as good as you expect. Ditto Sex Gang. The guitar on here is a thing of dreams. The vocal twists, the unexpected drumming, the devious bass . . . Sex Gang in this form are simply unbeatable.

It's a worthy attempt at an idea but it hasn't worked completely which it should have done but as any old album of course it's well worth getting simply because of the bursts of brilliance. Presumably the BatCave album will be half and half too.

I'm picking my nose at the very thought.

MICK MERCER.



US RELEASES BY LIBERTY VALANCE

Mmmm . . . two hundred years of Yankee Independence and there's still an inexorable whiff in these starred and striped grooves of British vinyl imperialism. Yet, judging by the meagre cross-section of young underground statelife screened below there is hope and heat — it's just a matter of more time and imagination.

CRUCIFIX, hailing from San Francisco, model themselves on Crass and the anarchist punk lobby, a cheering prospect compared to so much apple pie hardcore that is mere vacantly pretty sloganeering, aural graffiti with no true purpose. Everything about this EP shouts 'Crass': the black and white sleeve graphics with custom-designed logo; the inflamed social comment of the lyrics; the speed of play.

'Steelcase Enclosure' is the first to go off, a leaden-boot wade through electrified mashed potatoes, sticky and stodgy, but possessing a marked musical undertow. Chaos UK or The Destructors are brought to mind by 'Rise And Fall', a routine hardcore thrash prone to the usual snags, namely the exclusion of lyrical audibility due to heavy and indiscriminate instrumental interference; one patent trait of hardcore that both confounds and infuriates me continually is its insistence on sacrificing often incisive words in favour of much less motivated music . . . so it's a considerable relief to hear Crucifix reach for and get something better with 'Prejudice', one of the few genuinely intimidating hardcore rants I've heard lately.

'Prejudice' rejoices in Insane runs down the guitar neck that sound as if the guitarist is playing with spiked fingers segueing into triple-time caustic collisions of noise, like having a huge weight pressing down steadily on your back, a crushing assault of scenic reduction. It's "real".

Just up the road in freewaying L.A. meet **100 FLOWERS**, whose track on last autumn's 'Keats Rides A Harley' compilation was a bewildering disappointment. 100 Flowers are out on a different limb from hardcore entirely, sort of travelling salesman of edgy oddity. 'Presence Of Mind', from this Happy Squid disc, is typical — brittle, dry crusts of madly fuzz-toned guitars resonating like hundreds of dancing sandpapers that flirt with an overtly danceable rhythm axis that combines into an entertaining if frustratingly tunnelvisioned whole. Perhaps what rankles is that it just isn't as crazy as 'Keats . . .' and with groups like 100 Flowers, where sheer abandon covers up a multitude of sins that is bad news. Equally, 'Dyslexia', a 10 point title if nothing else, is pretty blandola. Backwards dub is not one of my fave confessions so I can't get too eloquent over 'Mop Dub', three minutes of basically unlistenable nonsense. Indies will have to strive for a little more content than this if they want to be taken with more than condescension.

EFFIGIES, hosted by Ruthless Records of Illinois, are Ampunk workout merchants. Fortunately the pace isn't insanely fast but the rest is too familiar for comfort or affection. If you can grasp the image of dandruff falling from the withered scalp of The Stooges, then you have Effigies in the proverbial nutshell, just surface scratching with no core to cling to. The lyrics on 'Remains Unviewable' aim to shock but the music is so common that it all wilts tamely. 'Security' has a credibly novel puppet-jerk pep enjoying an ironic disco beat underlay but its badgered boogie blathering on guitar lets the good ideas down. It's all a thematic waffle for the most part but it has an inane appeal due to



MINUTEMEN

some cute dub dabbling; this lack of imagination business is stifling, though. C'mon kids, find something new, or at least less used!

MINUTEMEN, on Thermidor with their 'bean-spill EP', have been getting a lot of red carpet treatment in the glossies and grimies recently and, to a qualified extent, I can dig it. 'Afternoons' is a gold star curio, recalling Love on bad acid speeding, a creative approach that pales most of the competition in comparison because finally here is a song that has its bolts tightened and not in the least rusted. "The wheel's an extension of the foot" informs 'Futurism Restated', which I kind of like. The song is a frenetic Birthday Party hangover sworn in an utterly degraded pop idiom as obscenely clever as the lable of this record which, shall we say, is 'graphic'.

'Split Red' is another kettle of fish heads and tails, a beaten-up bargain basement beat poetry meter-reading, neo-primitive Kerouaciness in a world where the road leads up into a glue tube. 'Case Closed' likewise with its fine lyrics.

Are Minutemen the men of the hour? Well, of the minute at least . . .

Last and least is a record I'm throwing in rather perversely seeing as it is as to the above as a dinosaur is to an Alfa Romeo, **GG ALLIN'S** 'Gimme Some Head' b/w 'Dead Or Alive', and Orange 69 release out of New York.

GG Allin is Old School and has ex-MC5ers Dennis Thompson drumming and Wayne Kramer strumming for company on this outing. This is the future of the street rock scene circa 1975, all MC5 and New York Dolls plagiarism rolled into a pitted ball that truly embarrasses its noble forerunners. OK, it was fine six years ago at CBGBs but let's wake up, shall we?

By the way, you might want to check out an album that features GG Allin and far more worthy luminaries compiled in New York. Entitled, brilliantly, 'The You'll Hate This Record', it has 14 tracks by the likes of Psychodrama, Furry Couch (who the hell writes these bands' material?), German Shepherds (ditto?) and Shockabilly and has what has to be the greatest cover of all time — a piece of plastic joke vomit affixed to a black glossy background with the groups' names flanking it on either side with little gold pointers just like a geography project or something! I'll save the actual sound of the thing for later but I would like to say that with ideas like this America could be showing everyone the way, i.e. why buy records for the record, let's buy em for the sleeve! It'd save everybody a lot of problems . . .

*All the above records are available from Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W.11. 01-229 8541.

ALIEN SEX FIENDS

IT'S LIKE a game, a giggling charade pushing arms through well-worn, silken sleeves. Rummaging in the depths of forbidden wardrobes to find the scandalous clothes our parents used to wear in their less responsible days. In this musty darkness the world seems less real, the clutter of jumble discovered is irresistible and we are drawn by some powerfully compelling force. Each separate item calls out in an equally mysterious yet compelling allure, "be naughty, be naughty, we unknowingly create a clashing mixture that becomes as infinitely more original as it is powerfully dangerous."

A certain spirit of naive adventure into the hidden past in order to create a dangerously exciting present — ALIEN SEX FIEND are children rummaging in punk's nastier closets.

To describe them means a trail through the graves of sixties punk pioneers The Sonics and Kim Fowley; snatching the malevolent, gory glory of The Stooges first couple of albums before we unearth the relatively unrobbed crypt of Alice Cooper.

A snarling, biting tart who could just as easily mince away as he could kick you in the teeth — feed this man through a punkabilly garbage band like The Cramps, give him enough drugs to never care about right or wrong and you may begin to understand.

ALIEN SEX FIEND: Nik on vocals, Dave on distortion guitar and drum machine controls, Chris synth and extra percussion, and John the cogent drummer. Alien Sex Fiend, a band formed through frustration — frustration at not being able to see the sort of bands they wanted to see anymore. Wanted to see? *Needed to see!*

Based in London, they spent awhile trashing around together before putting a few of their noises down on tape.

I say noises because to split A.S.F.'s output into segments is misleading. Most everything they do stutters in and out, around and about their continual rhythmic interplay. As the twin beats, from both drummer and drum-machine, battle away; a whirlwind of synth/guitar/vocals destroys any concept of structure laying in its path.

The sound stumbles, improvises and practically falls from one song to another. Always re-emerging into a Cramps beat/riff at the very edge of art noise.

Out front singer Nik, dressed in Vicar's vestments, is a man possessed. He has that look.

Adam Ant had it, Ian Death Cult has it, a look of wanton sexual degeneration. The Look, it says, "I know your deepest secret, sexual dream"...

So they made a tape, sent one to Melody Maker who printed a little piece about it. A piece describing their ghoulish, hell-raising feeling enough to get The Bat Cave club phoning them up

asking them to play. An involvement that produces a track on the soon come 'Bat Cave' compilation album.

People are listening to the Fiends, and now a tape has been let loose on the public. The divinely wasted casualties at F.O. Records have released a 90 (count 'em) minute cassette of the Fiends — an hour and a half's worth of unbelievable chaotic punkabilly noise. *An hour and a half!* — it's an awesome trip taking most of your cynical disbelief into realms of sheer audacity. A heavy trek, but only £3 (inc p & p) from F.O. Records, 286 Portobello Rd., London W10.

If you thought punkabilly meant such tedious nothings as The Meteors, or (worse) The Pole Cats.

If you thought glam-punk could've meant Bau Haus.

If you thought punk-noise meant Chaotic Dischord.

If you thought ALIEN SEX FIEND gave a shit — look let's just grab it while we can.

Trust me, I've come for your babies.
TONY PUPPY



pic by Caroline McHale-Marshall

Young Blood

Passchendaele.

"PASSCHENDAELE IS a state of mind that comes at the instant when you don't know where you are in the morning. You must know the feeling . . . something has woken you and you jump up going 'Oh what!'. Passchendaele is that very instant, it's the point that goes *there*."

So says Pat (synth player) with a twinkle in his eye, he is very excited about the new group he's in and like he says, they're called Passchendaele. The group, Spon — ex-UK Decay guitar supreme and current 'daele producer — and I are sitting around in my north-west London abode, we're talking and puffing on cigarettes — the group have just played me their demo and we're all very exhilarated by it.

The music is a heady, jerking dark slab of anxious chord ridden enthusiasm with the type of structuring that spells out *class*. I suppose the nearest reference point are Killing Joke, although this lot have none of the aforementioned's stuffy and suffocating overkill (in terms of both heavy metal raunch and heavy handed ideology).

"It wasn't until last year, when the new bands came along, that I became inspired again" informs the bassist, Bill, neatly capturing his group's field of influence and their reason for forming. "The music now is much more interesting, much more exciting than before," adds the vocalist, Cecil. Yes sir, somewhere in the no-man's land between Killing Joke, Sex Gang and the omnipotent UK Decay (RIP) roam Passchendaele; howling, hollering and singing swinging songs about . . .

"Our favourite song is 'Effects', which is about the futility of technical advance without humanity increasing its 'awareness' at the same time," enthuses the drummer, Alan, whilst John the guitarist elaborates "people might be better off materialistically but until their psyche's become as electrified as the industrial grid then nothing will move on."

Ho hum, Passchendaele are a group who are unafraid to think things out for themselves. Thinking and *feeling* are their guidelines for 20th century survival, they're pushing and promoting that moment of mental intoxication that cuts through the agony and isolation that takes up a large part of human existence (gulp). That's what they say and I believe them.

Wrapping up the conversation and stubbing out their fags, Passchendaele move off in the direction of a bus bound for their hometown of Luton. They're brim full of enthusiastic but embryonic ideas involving hope and change — the first stage in their scheme of things is a single to be released in a couple of months.

"You'll hear from us soon!" is their parting cry. Indeed. **RICHARD KICK**



The proceedings were videoed by London Weekend Television for a proposed series on youth cults; if it was ever shown is anybody's guess having heard nothing on the subject since.

Also on the programme were two student/anarchist/confused 'punk rockers', done up and looking very nice for the occasion and whose opinions were taken seriously for about one minute; a dwindling rock journalist called Dave Toke; and a futurist from behind the counter of the local HMV shop, convinced that he controlled the music business.

The guests, not to put too fine a point on it, weren't compatible. The systematic destruction of the studio followed. Being a live show, Beacon jingles interrupted the well aimed torrents of urine, DJ harassment and the inevitable no holds barred 'debate' between the Stench and any one who fancied a go. To this format include another Beacon employee, charging to and fro with a mop and bucket on urine patrol, a now paranoid security guard, TV camera man, a panicking chat show host and good old Dave Toke droning out his "What's on Guide" whenever he could grab a mike; and you have live situation comedy at its best.

Needless to say the show was eventually taken off the air, 40 minutes premature. Everyone blamed the Stench, who in turn blamed the pills and alcohol. All the guests then went off to the nearest pub. The police were called, the futurist (not his night in all) was "hit" and then dragged off by the police for questioning.

The Stench, in a short but varied career, have supported bands like GBH and the Partisans. Their earlier performances were, to say the least, poor but after gigging up and down the country to promote their single under the impression that it was to be released any day (last Sep) — have developed into a tight, fast out-fit. The band consists of Pete O'Shea, vocals and lyricist as well as the six foot two, toothless hearthrob of the piece, Shane on lead, Vex on drums and Nige on bass. Their music has no political motivation, it has no message for the youth. There music- for better or for worse- is unashamedly sick. Their 'Moral Debauchery', contains the tracks 'Raspberry Cripple', the continuing saga of a spastic masturbating, 'Nonces' a tale of homosexual rape experienced in prison, and 'Adoption', which, as the title

PASSCHENDAELE

states, is taking the piss out of parentless kids.

Their performance used to consist of an opening 'cabaret' by one of their entourage called Sidney. His speciality was inserting a hyperdermic needle into the veins in his neck whilst drooling out a few of his old Sex-Pistol favourites. He would then withdraw a syringe full of blood and squirt it over the audience. As simplistic as this act may appear it was guaranteed to inspire any audience- used to nothing more than your usual run of the mill,

STENCH



anarchy preaching bands of today. Unfortunately this unique performance has ground to a sudden halt and any further correspondence to the Sidney fan club should be addressed to HM Prison Winston Green.

There was a poster designed to be given away with the single bearing the slogan 'Drop The F-kin' Bomb' — This accompanied a photographic portrayal of a man indulged in sexual acts with the inside of a cow's stomach. However, the governing bodies on censorship — whoever they may be — thought not.

The record is out on the new W. ton label 'Sticky' and it's being released by Pinnacle, so it should be available nation-wide. Another tour is being lined up for them at the moment. Like the Stench or not, they're a band you won't easily forget.

*This was sent in by A. Whiston, a loyal fan of Stench

StENCH

THE STENCH, described by the local press as the W. Midlands most obnoxious punk band, retained this conveted title after a recent appearance on Beacon Radio's 1922 show. Alan Sherwin — veteran 'chat show' host and bubble gum music enthusiast — coped with the Stench expertly for about five minutes until, on an obvious question to discover some long lost broadcast the station had ever seen.

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

Dear Judith,

How is life in Dundee? Not too dull I hope. Down here in London it's getting hectic again, at least for me. The main point is I will be moving soon to a new address.

Sorry, I should have warned you, hope you didn't hurt yourself too much, falling off the chair. Yes, after almost five years living in the remains of a Mark III Cortina in a scrap yard on the notorious borderland between Islington and Hackney, I have at last found a place to live. (Or should I say A Place To Live!)

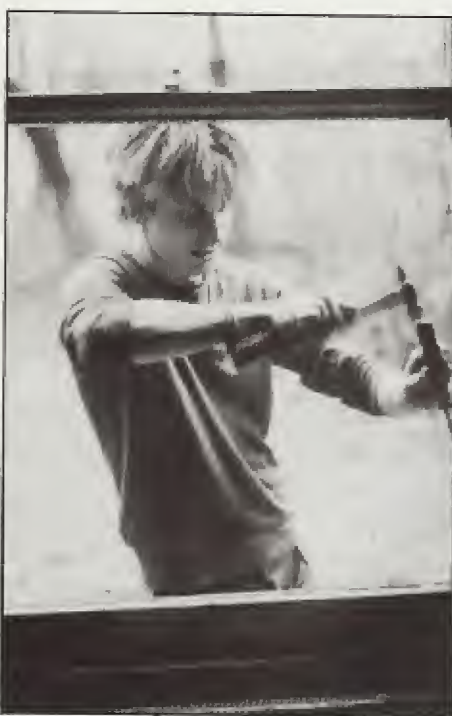
Thanks to the Black Sheep Housing Co op. Who are these mysterious Black Sheep you ask? Well, I shall enlighten you. Many years ago, when I was a mere lamb and newly moved to the great and awful city of London, I found tucked away in the depths of East London, a record shop called "Small Wonder". In it I found many marvels and rare noises and magazines called 'fanzines', I set upon an elaborate detective story routine. After many months of fruitless enquiry, by chance I happened on an advert for a place called "The Anarchy Centre"; purely on the basis of a hunch, I disguised myself as a crate of lager and set off...

Although my disguise was soon spotted, the cans of lager proved useful, and I made friends with these people. Most of them I discovered were living in squats. Squats, it turned out, are houses which councils leave empty because they can't find anyone willing to live in them, and haven't the money to make them livable-in. Depending on how desperate people are, some of these empty houses are livable-in, and if you find a few bits of furniture on a skip, some carpet, a pile of second hand records, a mattress or so you can have a home of your own for a while.

The problem is the "for a while bit". Another idea (presuming you haven't given up and gone back home) is Short Life Housing. This means setting up a group and getting accepted by a council and registered as a Friendly Society and persuading the Council to give you empty houses for from six months to a few years, until they are ready to take them back and turn them into nice 'accommodation units'. Most of the Housing Co ops in London were set up by... hippies. Aaargh. Ah, but these were hippies who actually DID things, the ones you never hear about, since doing useful things is a lot less interesting to read about in The Sun than whatever it is hippies are meant to do.

"Hey," thought Mick, "let's start our own Housing Co op."

So off we went to the library and read books on "How to do it" and sent out a call on the punk jungle drums. ("We're not punks," cry the Black Sheep, "We're individuals").



pics by Caroline McHale-Marshall

So last year, the Black Sheep Co op was set up. Gradually people would ask to join, until we had about 35 members, a huge file of official correspondence and not much else. Unfortunately, the local council had not officially accepted us. "You must all go to the meeting, and look forlorn," we were advised. On 23rd of November, 1982, in pouring rain, the Black Sheep assembled in force. "To the Town Hall," cried Bob. "Baaaaa," we replied.

We wandered through the rain, singing our song — "Black Sheep got a lot of problems..." And entered the Council chambers, past the long, long committee table and through the assembled multitudes to sit at the back.

It worked, we were accepted without any trouble! Unfortunately, on the way out, we were way laid by a bearded journalist. "Say nothing" muttered Brett. Too late... "PUNK SQUATTERS" read the headline in London's evening paper. Shock, horror, outrage. But it came to nothing, except to give the Official Islington Council Leader of The Opposition (ie the SDP councillor) something to moan about.

Five months later, we actually have houses! Four at the moment, one already lived in, two being worked on (note photographs!) and one about to be. We have also learnt a lot, from how to work collectively, to how to do virtually every building task. Getting a place to live is not the end result, I hope a lot of other things will come out of it.

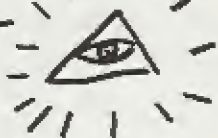
Did you ever believe any of the political part of punk? Or was it just the noise and excitement? Remember how it was meant to be "the voice of a generation"? All the stuff about dole queues and tower blocks? Well, I guess that's part of where Black Sheep came from, that we have created just a bit of our lives... that we...

I don't know Judith, I'm just looking up at the full moon, feeling strange again. I still feel angry. I can still feel whatever it is that I felt six years ago but I can also express that in ways like filling in a hole in the wall, helping Mark fit a window. It is too easy just to scream and shout and thrash about for your 15 minutes and then go back to how it was before. That is where the A Centres worked, because it didn't stop when the music was over, the energy carried on, it grew.

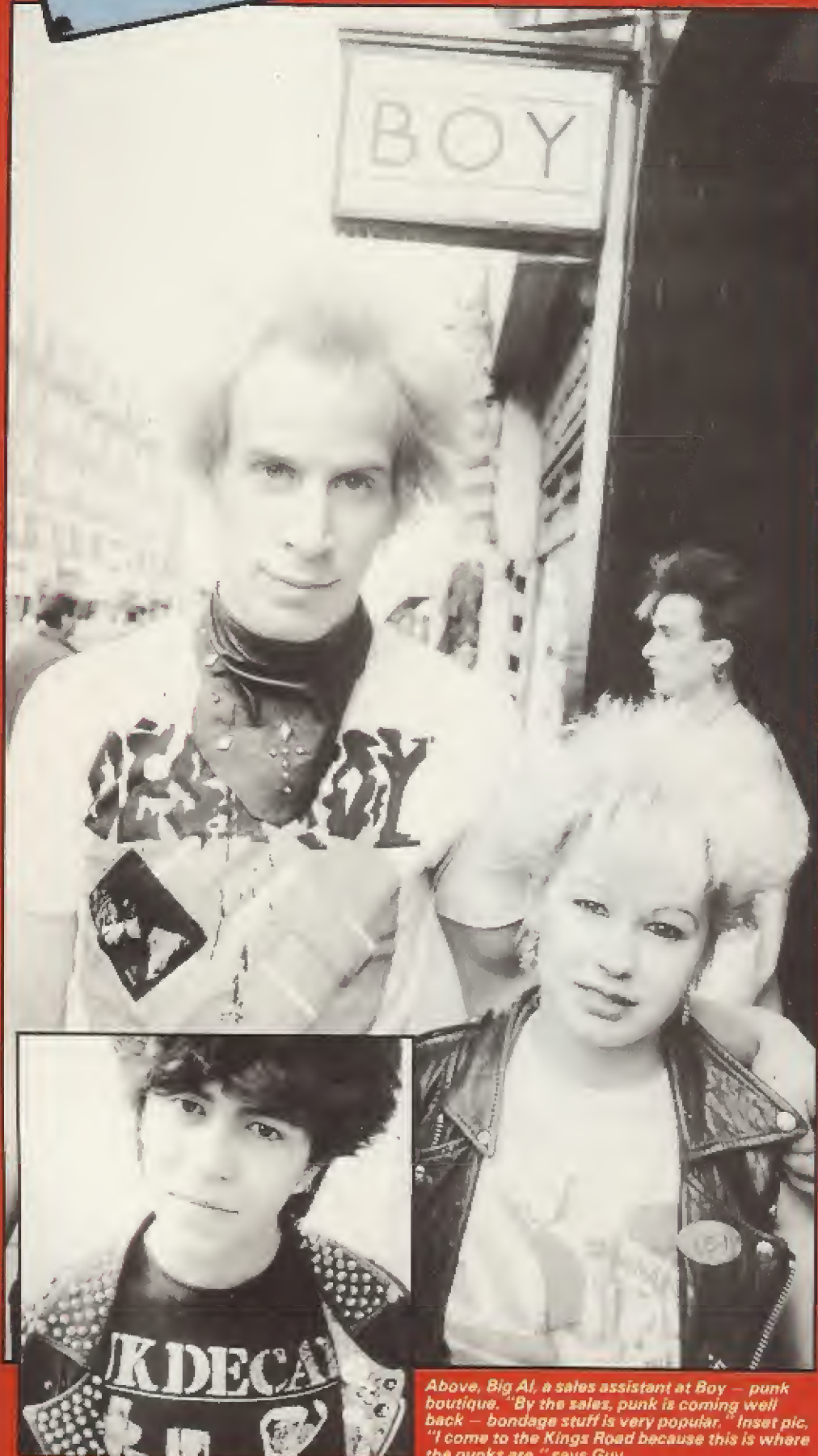
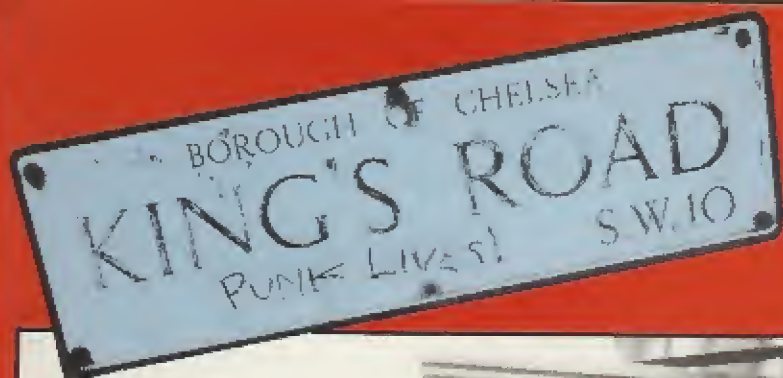
The first energy of punk fell apart because it became just a gig, just a spectacle to consume. This is more personal, more shared, more relaxed — and stronger. Everything grows, everything dies. Maybe punk is dead. But if I plant the corpse in the garden, will it grow? Tell you what, look out for "Punk Lives" and see what happens.

OK?

Lots of love
Ahs taur



HOW SOME PUNKS GOT A HOUSE AND DID IT THEMSELVES



Above, Big Al, a sales assistant at Boy — punk boutique. "By the sales, punk is coming well back — bondage stuff is very popular." Inset pic, "I come to the Kings Road because this is where the punks are," says Guy.

OH, YES t'was a wild day down London's Kings Road. Beginning with a quiet drink outside the Trafalgar, soaking in the sun and preparing ourselves for the fun ahead, and ending in utter chaos as one of our own is taken away by the scourge of the Road; the police.

Michelle, Tony and myself set out to find the spirit of this international and institutional parading ground for youth cults through the ages. Teddy-Boys, mods, skinheads and especially punks have made this stretch of SW3 the meeting place and the arena of confrontation for their kind.

I can remember back to '77-78 with the Punks versus Teds 'riots', the Beaufort Market closing down 'party' and the Sid Vicious memorial march infusing the place with a sense of drama and tension also with a bit of silliness, but at the same time with a sense of frail punk unity.

We can also reminisce over various standard gathering points like Jock McDonald's stall in the aforementioned Beaufort Market where he'd sell bootleg double albums for £20 and regale us with stories about them there Sex Pistols while pointing out the tattered photos of Johnny Rotten that adorned the walls. Ah yes, then there was Seditionaries with its 'Clothes For Heroes' brass plaque outside and Jordan, outpunking allcomers, inside. Lesser haunts were Shades, in the antique market, and, of course, the very tacky Boy.

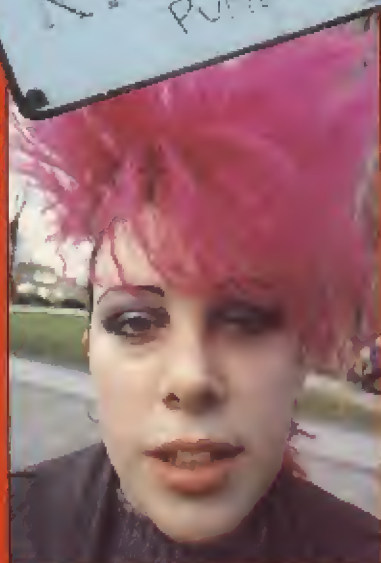
Shades and Boy (now even tackler) still remain as stop-over points on the long jaunt from Sloane Square tube station down to the World's End (not the shop I might add) and back again. But all the others, the shops along with their proprietors and patrons are long gone, gone, gone. What remains is the idea of the Kings Road. An idea of youth, action, 'danger', fun and excitement, and as we all know — what you want, you often get (sometimes with a little assistance from the boys in blue). And, of course, most importantly the people, the punks, are still here (not the same ones) and it is they who continue to give the place its life and vitality.

The new assemblage spots are outside the Great Gear Market, Boy and around various benches that line the way. Here the punks lounge and drink dry cider, getting pissed seems to be a favourite pastime and as most pubs won't serve the hardcore, the path to the off-license is a well worn one. All around it's spikey coloured hair, black leather and rebellious poses. The tourists wander by trying not to catch anybody's eye whilst some of them take photos and pay through the nose for the privilege. The standard fee is a pound and tax-free pocket money (although for some it's their only form of income) is another main reason for the outrageous punk presence down here.

'Anarchy', 'chaos' and 'disorder' are the slogans touted today on the backs of the leather jackets. The flash of colour, the blur of movement, all this and more reminds me of how it used to be. Nothing that much has changed, especially the police presence, which, if anything, is getting more massive than ever.

They shove people along, sometimes stopping and searching before letting them go, or not as the case may be. Victimisation and harassment are carried out every couple of hundred yards whilst skinheads selling National Front propaganda filth are left alone (draw your own conclusions pal). "There's a lot of good people down here but NOT the Combat 84 lot, they ruin the Kings Road."

CONTINUED OVER PAGE



Poly — "Everyone comes down here — it's a good laugh." She likes Sex Gang and Southern Death Cult but definitely not politics.



This is Jellybean who squats in Hammersmith and is quite a well known figure around town. "I hate all the trendies with semi-spikey hair, it just dilutes the look. They all look the same — really boring."



These two are Guy and Mark who are up the Kings Road from Nottingham, hoping to meet new friends. "I don't like oi, oi," says Mark who wants to be famous with his band Solvent Abuse.



Poly (again) and Claudia. "I like to look different and be different but I'm not an anarchist, that's just silly."

FROM PAGE 17

They sell NF newspapers and if a boy's wearing make up they reckon he's a poof and they want to beat him up" informs one blond-haired spikey top girl as a policeman walks up and tells us to keep walking. One blue-mohicaned punk is arrested for loitering whilst sitting on a bench (ah justice)

and others barely manage to escape. The arrogant, dissenting and carefree punk lifestyle is still obviously a threat and they are trying to wipe it out. To bring the fact home to us, whilst talking to some punks near a row of telephone boxes, our own intrepid photographer is pounced on and driven away in a meat

wagon. Stunned, Michelle and I keep walking away from a policeman who has told us to remain where we are. There are rumblings of a retaliatory riot ringing in our ears. "It's our road," says one punk "they're trying to throw us off but we won't let them."



PC 606 and Mohican Mick. "We were up here about six months ago and they arrested about 30 of us for nothing, we were only sitting on benches." Likely story eh.



'Ella, 'ello, 'ello. "There's too many police around so we can't get any photo money." Sob.




Lix, who is a second generation punk. She comes down the Kings Road to pose and wants the world to be "idyllic and beautiful." But watcha gonna do about it?



Mark who is an anarchist punk and lives in a bedsit with his girlfriend (hope he does his fair share of the housework). "Punk'll still be the same in a year, it'll never die and I'll be a punk for the rest of my life, no doubt about it. There's gonna be punks as long as some people refuse to be led." And so say all of us.





SIOUXSIE

Plus the girl! Siouxsie and Susan Stacey are once again in the charts as The Creatures with 'Tear The Wall', but a lot of Pink Floyd readers have requested earlier pictures of the first lady of punk. Here she is, snapped by Tony Mottano in December 1976 in Paris. Supporting on the bill that ought to be the Human League.




INFA RIOT

pic by Mez

SERIOUS DRINKING

pic by Tony Mottam





GEORGE

ACTION PACT

pic by Erica Echenberg

WIND BAGS

DR SYN blows hot air on Action Pact's George and Grim

AN HOUR before my interview with the band was to take place the sky clouded over, the heavens opened and the rains came. Monsoon time (once again) being God's way of telling guitar man Des that he was not to leave his house under any circumstance. In an empty hallway a telephone rings. 'Tis Desmond. He's saturated. He can't come.

Well is there anything in particular you want to say, I ask with pen in hand.

Not really. I dunno. Never really said a lot in interviews. Used to blow off and whistle. Put that if you like. 'Des farted, whistled and went off.'

He told me to ask George about the time she bent down in the street and then he disappeared in a musical cloud of noxious fumes. I went over the pub.

George bounced in on time and Grimly (Fiendish) the drumming man, she informed me, would turn up later. Bassman Phil Langham was reported to be in Manchester. "This is a nightmare," sighed George and the tape recorder was carefully primed, cocked and ready.

First off I wanted to discuss the leaving of Kim Igoe, the songwriter and bass player with Action Pact from the start until a couple of months ago. To me Kim was Action Pact and it seems more than a little weird to contemplate the band without him. Had it come as a shock that he'd left?

"Yeah. It was a deep shock. It was when we were doing the album. I was close to leaving. Des was ... because we weren't doing anything ... gigs or practising but I thought as we were doing the album I wouldn't worry about it and I started enjoying the group again. I thought first of all it was a joke. In a way it was a surprise because I thought, well, it's Kim's group but it didn't surprise me really because I was close to leaving last year and you have to be absolutely mad to stick it anyway."

Given that you understand why Kim left why have you decided to carry on?

"Because I enjoy singing and playing gigs but I don't like the punk, the PUNK, scene at the moment."

I was going to ask whether you actually saw the band as a punk band?

"No, I never did, it was just a label people attached. Plus they're the only audience willing to listen I suppose. We're not fast thrash, we're not ... I hate this, I hate that ... people hate me' ... that's not really a dig at the Anti-Nowhere League (grins). The views taken to be punk views are 'anarchistic views' and my views have changed on that. I held the view for a while that because the government's shit and they won't listen that we'll stand up and fight them. When you think about it people who say that, say it just to say. They don't do anything about it ... I'm wandering off the subject. What am I on about?"

I remind her.

"I believe that 80% of punks wouldn't hold out their views. They say people should say what they want and dress how they want ... you've got a very confined audience, preaching to the converted. A nice clichéd phrase there! Their views don't hold up."

If anyone turns up at a punk gig not dressed to fit in there's mean and moody stares.

"Yeah, they'd probably get a kicking outside. If they came as a mod it'd be, 'God, what a wally. What a prat. Beat him up!' It's totally hypocritical now, it really is."

What kind of people do you get writing to you? What's the mail like?

"Kim used to get them, he was the only one who could be bothered to write back. Now I get them. Same old questions. 'When did you form?' 'Are you an anarchist?' Do you believe in CND?' They ask you to give your personal opinions on a matter, as if that matters! I can't understand that. To me, what

does it matter if a certain person of a certain band thinks this is wrong or this is right? How they can think you're different from them. That's another thing I don't like. People think you're different but of course you're not. You just bothered to get up and sing!"

Do you get weird letters?

"Ruth Hagar gets suggestive letters sometimes. 'If you play this gig will you sleep round my house', things like that!"

Do you get this?

"No. Just as well I suppose. Some of them ask, 'How do you cope with being a sex symbol?'"

You don't go for that image onstage do you? Prancing around in a non-existent skirt would be an easy way to attract attention wouldn't it?

"Yeah, but they don't get that do they? I wear a dress occasionally and people stand at the front and look up it. I intentionally avoid wearing a short skirt. They wouldn't be listening to the words, they'd be 'looking up a girl's skirt, looking at a girl's legs. I want them to listen ... not so much that but to enjoy the gig, not to go look up a skirt. What's the point? I've never wanted people to think that. 'Oh there's George, you wanna go and see Action Pact cos she flirts around onstage,' and things."

You say you're in the band because you enjoy singing and that's a fulfillment. But do you want to 'get anything out of it', any gains?

"I want to be able to sing better all the time because I don't think I've got a very good voice. It's hard to develop a voice when it doesn't seem to be working."

Would you still sing if Action Pact broke up?

"Yeah, I've had this desire these last three months."

To have singing lessons?

"Yeah. To sing blues. It's terrible really because I'm nowhere near it. I listen to Billie Holiday and think, 'Oh God, why can't I sing like that? It takes a lot of talent. I want to be recognised for a singing voice, not a squeak.'"

Now that Kim's left have you brought forward any of your lyrics?

"I'm still keeping them to myself because they're not things that Action Pact sing about. Not that they're tragic or that. Things everyone goes through but that Action Pact don't say."

Maybe you should do it. Punk bands never really sing about emotion, it'd be a different slant.

"Yeah but I've never seen them as lyrics for Action Pact. They weren't written with the Action Pact tunes in mind."

The music wouldn't suit them?

"Yeah, that's it I suppose. It just wouldn't fit and Action Pact singing the blues ... it's just ... I suppose ... not blues, just jazz. I go through these phases of certain music. I'm going through that blues/jazz phase at the moment. Ha! I try to but it just doesn't come over in Action Pact as I want it to. Not that I'm considering leaving to sing blues. I don't think I could do it."

In a couple of years time when Action Pact are no more?

"No ... well, I'm taking everything as it comes. At the moment we're doing songs that need a lot more from everyone. You know, Des's guitar, my voice ... it needs a lot more feeling, lot more talent, sort of thing."

Grimly comes hobbling, broken toed, into the pub.

"Want a drink?" he asks. We do. Indeed we do.

George: "You're on tape boy, you're on tape! (he wanders off) We are progressing. We've all become a bit more interested in the group. We're doing more tuneful songs now that need better singing, not screaming ... not just an angry rant, proper singing. When I'm being pushed to sing I know we'll always

be getting better, whereas three months ago I couldn't. It was a dead end. We were doing songs we'd been doing two years. Pointless."

On the first three tracks of the album your voice wanders all over the place like a kite.

George: "Er ... ooh, that's thrown me. Phil was saying, 'No you haven't done it right,' so you change and you can't sing the same anymore! 'Mindless Aggression' was the first song I'd ever done and he says 'You've done it wrong!' He told me I couldn't sing, told me I was out of tune ... if you listen to 'Fools Factions' it's sung different."

It's not so high.

"That's right. God it was terrible. Like on 'Things That Need (Fucking)', it's the easiest song to sing and we had to do it so many times which really pissed me off because as a song it's boring, there's nothing to it. He was picking holes right from the start."

Grim: "He did a good job though."

Sometimes he was a bit fussy. 'Do it again', and you think 'Oh no!' but when he'd suggest, 'try a lead line there' it didn't half make the song."

Grim, has being in Action Pact changed your ideas on punk?

Grim: "No, I've always been in band, even if it was only in the back garden messing about. I saw DMS down the Clarendon with The Dark and thought 'these are pretty good!' Then I heard an Action Pact single on Peel and thought 'This is different', because you had all these type of Vice Squad, Anti Pasti bands coming along at the time. I could never understand why Des said 'Why do you want to join us? A nowhere band!'"

"Punk's changing. To people who don't know anything if you don't go around in studded leathers with long bleached hair then you're not a punk which is wrong because that isn't what it's all about. At work when they see the single they go, 'You're wearing a jumper, you're not a punk!'"

George: "Yeah if I said to anybody that I was in a punk band they wouldn't listen, it'd be ... 'Oh, The Sex Pistols!' ... Y'know. That's what a lot of people still think."

Des told me to ask about some bending over incident.

George: "Oh he's not still ... Streatham High Road in my dinner hour, walking around in the street in my blue dress and petticoat. I had a stitch so I was bending forward walking down the street, acting the prat as I usually do and this woman, Irene, that I work with said, 'Why don't you bend down and touch your toes, that's what my mother always used to say to cure a stitch'. It was a really blustery day. This old codger's walking along behind me, so close that I didn't see him. I bend over, a gust of wind blows it right over my head and he walks straight into the back of me. 'Oh my God! That's it really. He didn't know what hit him.'"

Before I could suggest that she didn't know what hit her, because after all the old bloke was probably quite happy as the memories of the pre-war years came back to him, grimly recounts his hairiest happening of late.

"I was in a phone box talking to Des. There were these two boxes and as I walked past the other one there was an old couple in it and this bird's holding a knife to his throat, he's an L.T. inspector. All of a sudden ... 'Drop that knife' ... 'Get the cuffs on' ... Police everywhere. Big carving knife. I thought they were joking."

George: "I'd have been scared to death."

Grim: "I escaped with my life."

George: "Soap!"

Snappy little ending alright but think on the Grim's remarks. He sees two people in a phone box and one's holding the carving knife against the other's throat and he thinks it's a joke! A JOKE! And George thought the bend over backwards collision was odd for all the wrong reasons. God they're weird.

Mind you Grim was a fan of The Photos. Good man, good man!

TV TIMES

DR SYN takes a
look at the
career of
The Adverts

IT WAS early in 1977 and I was just a sitting in the bar at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse, an odious plastic beaker of amber fluid resting quietly before me. Or so I thought. Suddenly, the building began to rumble. The plastic walls (I could hardly invent such a thing) began to vibrate and pretty soon the tables were a quaking. The lager found an easy route to the floor.

Choosing not to follow it I went for the source of this noise. The stage. The crowd. The greasepaint. The Oboe.

The Adverts were hurtling through a telegraph pole of a set and as the last song echoed gently away through the machinery the singer screamed at a desensitized audience, "Well someone's gotta tell you!" And he was right, whatever it was he was on about.

Only joking... we all know what he was on about.

He spoke the truth and three people, with others to follow, interpreted these ideas. And you know what? They were different... BECAUSE...

Anybody at the back tell me why The Adverts were different to The Pistols, Clash, Damned, Stranglers... etc etc etc? Because T.V. Smith was a *songwriter*, dealing with personal opinions and personal rattling of the brains, where when describing scenes within songs it's his imagination rather than facts that dictate the imagery. That's why. The Pistols sung clear cut statements of parodic HEADLINES. The Damned spouted charismatic garbage, steeped in rock and roll historicity, and until The Buzzbocks and Adam got better known this man called Tim, fronting a band called The Adverts, was the ONE. The thin man.

At his side there stood Gaye Advert on bass guitar. First a red one, then a Flyte, then

a Rickenbacker... and now none at all. Rarely moving, called to be sullen (although just drunk/nervous/concentrating) but poking out the noise anyhow.

On God's other hand was Howard Pickup, a deranged sort of chap with the Brian Cant way about him. Noticeable with his sawn off executive shirt he would sway before our very eyes and strum.

Behind them was a man called Laurie Driver. But he's a drummer and they don't count do they? So let us move on.

The Adverts had a unique little sound. Painfully thin at times it started with that guitar... slashy, slashy, slashy it went. Slashy slashy...

They were a live band. Their success was building.

Remember those first tentative but classic singles? 'One Chord Wonders' on Stiff Records, 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' and 'Safety In Numbers' on Anchor, 'No Time To Be 21' on Bright, Classics one and all.

Remember the TOTP and OGWT appearances? Remember the Action Man on Tim's wrist (or was it his jacket... I'm getting older than I think!), and the rose? Remember him sitting on the drum riser, a newspaper in his hand prior to him singing? Recall that look of contemptuous distaste upon the Blackburn's face?

Live favourite 'Bored Teenagers' on the Roxy Club album. Amidst all the old crap like Slaughter and the Dregs.

The first album, 'Crossing The Red Sea', in early '78, had 'Great British Mistake' closing side two, and my god, I was in heaven every time I heard it. My toes used to curl up. I swear (in moderation). Not only were all the classic stage numbers on it *but, but, but* there were two songs, 'On Wheels' and 'Drowning Men' that exploited Tim's wordage imagination further than before ('Gary' excepting). When they played it onstage people didn't know how to react. Adam apart, next to no-one did slow stuff. But then they weren't just anyone! You must remember 'Bombsite Boys' and 'New Church'.

Well you see, things went along sweetly for a while and then what? Then came part two when they signed with RCA, a label that had no real idea of new bands.

But listen, there's an odd little thing here. If you do remember the songs I've just mentioned then see how far ahead of his time Tim actually was. Just about every song on the first album and the famous 'Gary' are the kind of songs we're all revelling in today with Sex Gang onwards and backwards. 'Bombsite Boys', 'New Church'... the lyrical intensity and the unique per-band sounds of today, and yesterdays Adverts, are one and the same. Tim's ideas were out of place in a sense back then. His second phase as I call it, on the RCA label, sees a dissipation of these

ideas into something even more personal but that uncanny sense of being a good few years ahead of everybody else in real.

When Tim became an RCA bod and The Adverts with him they got a new drummer, Laurie Driver, departed having sweetly declared a desire to smash the faces in of all the band and John Towe briefly pounded away. He nipped off elsewhere after this and Rod Latter, once of The Rings, took up the good work.

Anyway, the singles kept a coming. 'Television's Over', with the co-written (hello Richard Strange!) 'Back From The Dead', followed by 'My Place' (the flip containing a live version of 'New Church' recorded on tour in Germany where the band were also popular) and finally the title track of their second album, 'Cast Of Thousands'. Why, I demand to know, did no-one ever release a live album?

Howard Pickup, elongated guitarist, upped and left. The latest sighting was of him driving a taxi, bad temperedly, in Richmond or Putney, musical plans uncertain shall we say. ODD. The band tried to play on without him and Tim was even seen strumming at a guitar on the last few gigs, although someone called Paul Martin did turn up right near the final collapse. There was also a man called Tim Cross on keyboards but Gaye had injured her hand and when the album had just been released the Teev declared that their promotion tour was the last rites of The Adverts in action and a patchy band went into their last lap.

The final gig was a real tear jerker (so much so that I lost a contact lens there) set in the dreary confines of Slough College. It wasn't even packed, just mildly populated and ended with TV announcing in the encore, "This was the first song we ever did and it's going to be the last... 'One Chord Wonders'."

Memories are made of this.

And that effectively was that. The Adverts were no more and as pointed out in the unforgettably brilliant TV Times fanzine which came to life with the existence of Tim's next band, The TV Explorers (and managed about 40 issues). The entire Adverts repertoire of all these diligent months would fit with ease on to a C-90. I think that's what he said anyhow.

Gaye gave up the bass and settled down to rear the various household pets at Chez Advert and to work on Animal Aid/Liberation projects. Tim sat in his room and began writing for the next event which was to prove both exciting and dull depending on the occasion: TV Smith's Explorers. That'll be covered next month when we dig him up and say, "Talk into this bub". And of course he won't. He never enjoys the little conversations and nor do I. The silence can be unbearable.

But the swine's back in business and I hope you'll all lend an ear as his first single on Expulsion Records, 'War Fever', is doubtless nestling in your record collection even now. And if it isn't then rectify the bloody situation now.



Gaye Advert (left) and above TV Smith

pic by Paul Slattery



OUR BACK PAGES

A PICTORIAL LOOK AT EARLY PUNK



Billy Idol of Generation X. Younger and probably wiser.



Sex in the Kings Road. A fan hangs out



With bondage, up yours! Poly Styrene and X-Ray Spex

PICTURES BY ERICA ECHENBERG

IF YOU HAVE ANY EARLY PICS THAT YOU'D LIKE PRINTED, SEND THEM TO US AT PUNK LIVES, 'OUR BACK PAGES' 60 EAGLE WHARF ROAD, LONDON, N1.

Xword

FANZINES

SINCE THE last issue the fanzines have started to pour in which is a good sign. It also presents certain problems with coverage because I really want to mention every one that I get the grublike mits on. So I'd like to suggest what I mentioned in Punk Lives 5. That is that fanzines send copies to Rough Trade and people after them write to Rough Trade for the regularly updated fanzine lists (enclosing a s.a.e. Rough Trade are based at 202 Kensington Church Rd, London W.11.), and when anyone mentions things like fanzine distribution services I shall mention these as well. No more time wasting, let's go reviewing.

COOL NOTES Issue 6. 25p. (+ SAE) From Richard Edwards, Flat 5, 166a Romford Rd, London E15 4LD. And yep, it's the fanzine of the month award. The idea of Cool Notes is the idea that exists in all my favourites. It has its own themes, its own style and its identifiable presentation.

The most notable feature of C.N. is the coverage of Ska/Dub Ranting/Motown/Soul. The lad's enthusiasm knows no bounds and that's always a good sign. Punk-wise you cry, what's for the punks? Well this is the whole point. It's all for the punks. Any punks who only accept punk and nothing else border on mental retardation and that's a fact.

However we've got The Newtown Neurotics (a nice little rambling piece).

Reviews galore (including a lovely Fall at the Venue slash). Well worth the money.

BLACK WHITE Issue 1. 30p (+ SAE) from Rough Trade or 15 Oxford Avenue, Wimbledon Chase, London SW20. Interesting this one. Based over here and yet concentrating over there. A real American bias which is highly refreshing. Simple but effective layouts mingle around interviews with Screaming Dead, Crucifix (good band, good band), The Insane, Social Unrest and there's copious reviews. This is one to follow.

TESTAMENT OF REALITY No. 5. 30p (+ SAE) from Ian, 11 Salutation Rd (I). Blitzkrieg, Icon AD, Drongos For Europe, Infa Riot, Hagar The Womb, Xpoez, Bondage and Patrol.

MORAL DANGER No. 2 13p (+ SAE) from Kalv, 48 Chetwynd Rd, Chilwell, Nottingham. M.D.C./Solvent Abuse/Subhumans/Naked/Aductors.

ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER WORD No. 2. 25p. 20 Andrews Lane, Formby, Liverpool. All

poetry/ranting things with contributions from Action Pact, Seething Wells, Gary Johnson.

CATCH 22, No. 9. 20p (more than it's worth) from 2nd Floor, 124 Bath Rd, Cheltenham, Glos. I hate this but if you really must read their bits on The Fall and Steve Hooker then you must.

CONCERN Issue 1. 35p from P. Filby, 126 Gainsborough Green, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 5JP. A little undernourished but then that's a common problem with first issues and normally rectified with the utmost speed. This issue, printed in a garish array of colours features The System, Blitzkrieg, Chaotix, GBH, Attila The Stockbroker, The Choirboys and One Way System.

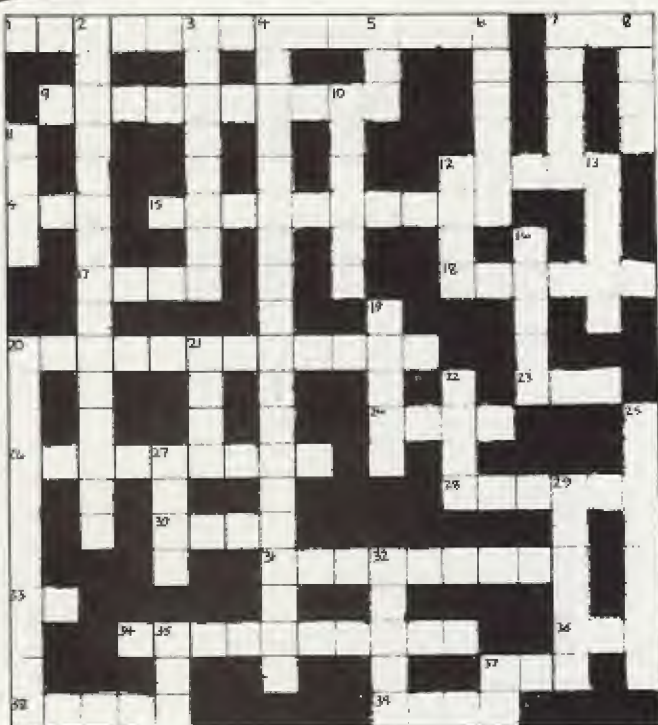
STILL LIVING Issue 2. 20p (+ large SAE) from Gary, 'The Milky Bar Kid', 24 Bramham Court, Harton Moor, South Shields, Tyne and Wear, NE34 0HP. Believe me, it's worth spending three hours writing out that address because the fanzine's great. Splashed around the pages are War Ploys, Sadistic Slob, 3rd Party, Total Chaos, Uproar, Fits, Omega Tribe, Riot Clone and System.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER WORD Issue 2. 25p (+ large SAE) from Alan Turner, 20 Andrews Lane, Formby, Liverpool L37 2HH. This is described by Alan as a "plucky, ranting non-boring poetry fanzine" and he's right. There's contributions from Seething Wells, Gary Johnson, The Comrade The Great Kim Igoo of Action Pact, John Robb (a Membrane) and many others. It makes good reading and can be returned to time and time again. He'd also like contributions from anyone that's interested.

SCROBE Issue 2. 20p (+ SAE) from Trunt, 18 Hillcrest Avenue, Whitehaven, Cumbria. This one reads more like a directory of bands with straightforward fact sheets on bands but it's useful for info on the following. Rubella Ballet, Crondstadt Uprising, Icons of Filth, Mick Slaughter, 3rd Party, Skeptix, Subhumans, Hagar The Womb, The Womb, Soldiers of The Dead and many more.

NEVER SURRENDER Issue 3. 30p from Higgs, 27 Abbotsham Rd, Beaford, N. Devon. This is excellent. It's absolutely crammed full of stuff. Rambling masses and cynical spaces. Chaotic but amusing layouts and features on (amongst many bands) Cult Maniax, Dead Popstars Bog

Brushes, Outrage, Samples, Living Dead, Patrol and Religious Orders. Incidentally **FINAL CURTAIN** fanzine wrote to me and asked if I could mention the following. Friends of theirs have started a zine distribution service and details can be obtained by sending a s.a.e. to Sean, 8 Dent Place, Cleator Moor, Cumbria. Also there's Tez, 3 The Terrace, Honley, Huddersfield, W. Yorkshire, HD7 2DS at Retaliation Records. Don't forget the s.a.e.s with all enquiries. It is essential or you end up bankrupting the people at the other end.



Xword sent in by Paul Barlow of Swinton, nr Manchester

ACROSS

1. 'Flower In The Gun' band (4,4,7)
7. The Enemy's 'Prisoner Of . . . ' (3)
9. ' . . . 77' had nowhere to play (10)
- 12 & 19 DOWN. SLF song about a record label (5,5)
14. 'Government . . . ' — Dead Kennedys (3)
- 15 & 26 ACROSS. An Album from the Captain's band (7,3,9)
17. Killing Joke find the way-out track of What's THIS for? (4)
18. 'Kids on the . . . ' Upstarts (6)
20. This band are 'Guilty' of a great album (3,9)
23. The Adverts crossed this sea (3)
- 24 & 25 DOWN. 'No Hope For Anyone', a 'Convicted' band (4,8)
26. See 15 ACROSS
28. See 34 ACROSS
30. Not Sensibles are this with Maggie Thatcher (4)
31. ' , Sewer' — the O.A.P. punk band. LP track (4,2,8)
33. He played guitar on The Damned's Music For Pleasure LP. (2)
- 34 & 28 ACROSS. Band who find 'Deaths A Career' (7,3,6)
36. 'New . . . ' Subhumans (3)
37. 'New . . . ' The Wall (3)
38. Chelsea decide it is their last . . . (5)
39. 1/3rd of a band, who have 'No Pity' (4)

DOWN

2. Killing Joke ask if you . . . (3,3,9)
3. Current label of The Outcasts (8)
4. Once, Manchester's best punk band (9,3,3,4)
5. The 'Dickies' are being driven . . . (3)
6. Surname of singer of Kid's Of The 80's band (6)
7. Anthrax, tell us, 'They've Got It All . . . ' (5)
- 8 & 11 DOWN. 'We Outnumber You' band (4,4)
10. Joke's funky punk B-side to 'Requiem' (6)
11. See 8 DOWN
12. B-side of a single by this band was 'Love In Vain' (4)
- 13 & 22 DOWN. She was a girl on the run (5,4)
16. 'Human . . . ' reggaeish Subhumans track (5)
19. See 12 ACROSS
20. Their first EP contained the classic punk Vice Squad type record 'Dreaming' (3,8)
21. Sham 69 gave a dog one (4)
22. See 13 DOWN
25. See 24 ACROSS
27. Classic LP track from Strangler's Rattus album (4)
29. Kind of love suffered by The Damned (3,3)
32. Sex Pistols, not enjoying themselves (2,3)
35. ' . . . It To The Moon' — The Stranglers (3)
37. ' . . . Don't Care' — Defects or Slaughter (2)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Dead Means Shadow; 7. War; 9. Resistance; 12. Rough Trade; 14. Flit; 15. Machine Gun Etiquette; 17. Exit; 18. Street; 20. The Vibrators; 23. Red; 24. Dead Wretched; 26. Machine Gun Etiquette; 28. Drongos for Europe; 30. Love; 31. Down In The; 33. Lu; 34. Drongos for Europe; 36. Age; 37. Way; 38. Drink; 39. Nine.
DOWN: 2. Are You Receiving; 3. Abstract; 4. Slaughter And The Dogs; 5. Age; 6. Wilson; 7. Wrong; 8. Riot; 10. Change; 11. Infa Riot; 12. Rules; 13. Honey Bane; 25. Dead Wretched; 27. Ugly; 29. One Way; 32. No Fun; 35. Rok; 37. We.

Gigs

C.N.D. FESTIVAL Brockwell Park, Brixton

THIS festival was in support of C.N.D. but without a doubt many of the 25,000 crowd were there to see their favourite bands; especially the punks.

Brockwell Park is in Brixton, just around the corner from Ralston Road, the centrespot of the riots. The boys in blue were there in force. I wasn't too sure if they were here to see Madness or the Style Council.

The setting brought back memories of Woodstock, for those old enough to remember, and more recently Reading. There were the usual left wing organisations pushing their message, and the even more usual stalls and hot dog stands exploiting everyone. About midday there was a heavy shower and the green grass turned brown and as more people trod in it, which slowly became a mud bath. Still, if the Slits can put up with it, so can everyone else.

There was Peely on stage entertaining the masses, and brought the first cheer of the afternoon when he announced The Damned. True to his word...

The Damned played a great set, but with other bands to follow they were only allowed about half an hour. As usual the punks loved 'em. They knocked out most of the old stuff: 'Neat Neat Neat', 'Noise Noise Noise', 'Love Song', 'Smash It Up' plus newer material like 'Stranger On The Town'. Rat bashed away, the Captain joked and Vanian sang. Dave Vanian looked as if he was up too early. It wasn't dark yet, but there was a vampire singing on the stage. His white face and jet black hair creating the desired effect. To cap the lot Dave Vanian has got a good voice. What a novelty, a singer in a punk band who can do just that... sing. The good Captain received cheers from all quarters, when saying this about nuclear weapons "the most ludicrous thing ever created by the human race". For once Sensible was being just that. It was nice to see The Damned backstage afterwards taking the time and trouble to talk to their fans and sign autographs.

Next was Hazel O'Connor. She did a reasonable set, but she had to live down the cries of "We want The Damned" from the punks at the front.

By now the main march, which had set off from the Embankment, was beginning to flow in. Banners from Wolverhampton, Notting Hill and accents from Glasgow and Liverpool. The park was now getting full with the banners of C.N.D., political groups, the red flag of the Communists, and of course the black flags of the anarchists.

My major criticism would have to be the long wait in between each group. Still this gave me some time to wander about and see such celebrities as Suggs, Tracie and Paul Weller arrive with their entourage.

Weller and co. sauntered around and they got a good reception from everyone bar the punks. They had broken through a crash barrier in their

crusade to reach The Damned and get in the line of vision of a TV crew. Weller had to face a barrage of mud plus a can or two. I'm no fan of the Style Council and was quite pleased their stint was short. A Jam fanatic afterwards said he didn't think much of them. Still the pounds were probably rolling in at the Weller T-Shirt wagon. No doubt that puts a smile on his face. All's Weller that ends Weller (sorry).

Yet another long interval followed. Gathering energy I made my way through the multitudes to try to find a high vantage point from which to view the goings on. Looking down at the peaceful surroundings it was hard to imagine that a stone's throw away there had been riots that had put Brixton on the front pages of the dailies. The Brixton riots were necessary to bring to the public eye all of Brixton's problems. But it was all based on destruction, and that is negative. This festival was positive but it would be lucky to get a brief mention in the Daily Trash or The Sick, let alone a front page story.

Next up were Madness. Kids band they maybe, but they write good songs and catchy tunes. However, unlike Duran Duran and their equally unimaginative friends, Madness manage to tuck in a nice story line, often with a significant message in it. How many girls do you know called Rio?

With a long journey home I left after 'My Girl'. Tracie and the Questions were supposed to play, but I don't know if they did.

The festival had been a success. C.N.D. chairwoman Joan Ruddock said she hoped the day's march and festival would yet again show Thatcher and her mates that we are not all warmongers. Walking up Ralston Road afterwards passing "Riot Now" graffiti, my feelings were not so much about peace and C.N.D. but punk rock and punks.

No other cult or trend had a fraction of the amount of people as there were punks. A lot were there for The Damned, but probably all of them would be opposed to nuclear weapons, if asked. The people who slag punk off and call it dead are talking out of the part of their body I would not kiss. Make no mistake, punk was alive today in Brixton. **PAUL CASTLES**

TURKEY BONES & THE WILD DOGS

Hope & Anchor, London

WENT ALONG to this one on the offchance of a thrill and staggered out at the end sure I'd seen God. If not God, at least four of his closest, raucousest associates — the thunder of paradise rolled through my head all the way home on the tube and I was a happy man.

They staggered onstage, obvious devotees to the cult of strong liquor, and whipped up a storm of musical cacophony that resembled Captain Beefheart. The Birthday Party, The Damned, The Stooges and The Fall without ever staying in one place long enough to pin-point them.

As the punks down front leapt around in ecstasy the rest of the audience tapped toes and became whipping-posts for the verbal lashing of Turkey Bones gruff voice.

"Where did you put that knife, Raymond?", he pleads, hands clenched to forehead letting his tiger-print shirt flutter in tattered splendour. Meanwhile the guitar howls and the bassist hammers out a one note refrain, laughing as he totters backward and they launch into another mindcrushing tune.

"Loud music and Turkey Bones, these are things I like, why does no-one like me?", suddenly he is in the audience — his

bulky frame heaving and sweating. The sound is vintage Stooges at this point. Now it could even be Cramps. I can't believe it all, I thought I only dreamed of bands like this.

After we drag them back for two encores (the last being the Stooges 'Down In The Street') they plead a break for desperately needed alcohol.

As I leave an eye-lined mohican grabs me and says, "You must do a good review of this lot, they're the best band since The Damned!"

Understatement lad, though it's true — the first punk band I saw was The Damned and that was here at the Hope & Anchor in '76. I felt the same then as I do now.

Yeeeeow!!!! **TONY PUPPY**

THE DANSE SOCIETY The Clarendon, London

THIS WAS one of those gigs you can't really write about. You had to be there. Nonetheless I'm gonna try for the benefit of those that weren't. But it did seem like everyone was. The Danse Society had well and truly arrived. A year ago they were playing to disinterested handfuls at the Marquee and the like. Now they've got them queueing round the block.

This is no contrived and shallow affair. These people are here because they want to be here. They look bright faced and excited because they feel part of something once more. The point is they weren't looking that way because they've been told by the rock press that it's hip to be there. It's sorta natural that we've all turned up here. Like it was meant to happen. Not in a laid back hippy way. The people that care have been working hard.

Not Punk is Dead, Long live Punk. The Danse Society were always the most innocent victims of all this 'Positive Punk' nonsense. 'Let's call it something and make it impotent.' Like the other bands that are hindered rather than helped by it — they're out on their own moving into somewhere new. Less of the amateur dramatics and old hat doom'n'gloom of the Birthday Party and more of the loose enthusiasm and compelling optimism of New Order at their best.

Gone is the pent up aggression and trendy angst that was creeping in on the Bauhaus and Joke tours. Replacing it is a more positive even subversive freshness. A freshness! A brightness! You've never seen before! They've matured, but not nicely into an old vintage like so many bands that were going places last year. They've come on in leaps and bounds as is evident from the brilliant 'Somewhere'/'Hide' their best single to date.

Live they do tend to overdo the echo and dry ice but tonight it's just right. One instinctively knows when something is right. The Danse Society sound fills the hall. Possessing everybody. There's nowhere to hide. Steve's vocals become part of the sound. He uses his voice in a different way to anyone else. He doesn't sing so much as produce sounds. I bet people used to say Marc Bolan couldn't sing.

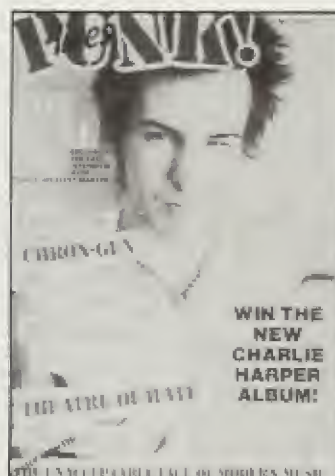
The Danse Society have relinquished all ties with any angry young rebel stance. They don't pretend to be anything they're not. They've now got the freedom to muck about and be themselves. This was the best I've seen them and there's still bags of potential there. Don't expect a Punk revival or anything. I think someone's missing the point. Some people can't see the wood for the trees — is that right? **TOM VAGUE**



THE DAMNED: not long enough. Pic by Paul Castles

HAVE YOU MISSED THEM?

(DON'T BE A DUMMY, GET THEM NOW!)



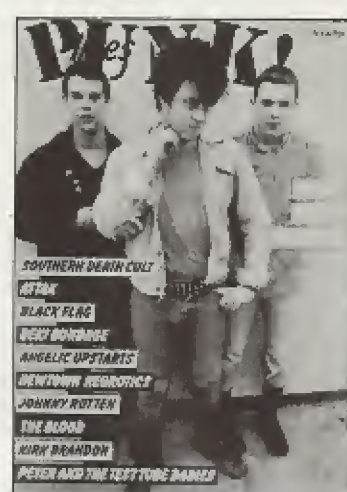
No.1. Featuring: The Real Sid Vicious/UK Decay/Chron Gen/Dead Kennedys/Discharge/Vice Squad/Theatre Of Hate/Exploited.



No.2. Featuring: Beki Bondage/Anti Pasti/Dead Kennedys/Eraserhead/Siouxsie/Infa Riot/Clash/Crass/GBH/Chelsea/Exploited/ANWL/Toy Dolls.



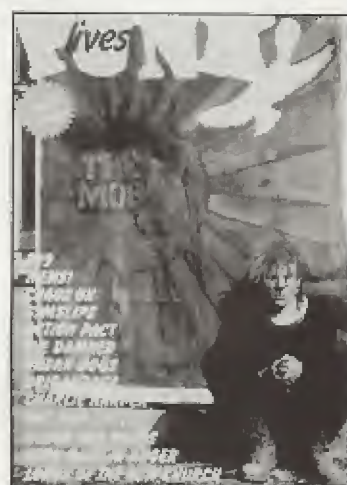
No.3. Featuring: The Clash/Peter And The Test Tube Babies/Captain Sensible/Damned/Exploited/GBH/Vice Squad/UK Decay/Rubella Ballet/SLF.



No.4. Featuring: Dead Man's Shadow/Southern Death Cult/Attak/Black Flag/Beki Bondage/Angelic Upstarts/Newtown Neurotics/Johnny Rotten/The Blood/Kirk Brandon/Peter And The Test Tube Babies.

Listen 'ere you lot, you don't wanna kick yourself for missing out on the first four issues do ya? There are still some copies of issues No.1, No.2, No.3 and No.4 of Punk Lives left. If you missed them and would like to get hold of the copies, send £1 for one issue, £2 for two issues,

£3 for three issues and £4 for four issues. Send £1, £2, £3 or £4, which includes post and packaging (remember to put in your name and address), to Punk Lives, (Back Issues), 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.



No. 5 February: The Mob/999/Mensi/Chaos UK/Gymslips/Action Pact/The Damned/Urban Dogs/Brigandage/Charlie Harper/One Way System/Blood And Roses/Look Back In Anger/Lords Of The New Church

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NAME

ADDRESS

Etchings

We asked you to send in your drawings so that we could see how good you were. Well, they came in their droves. Here we print some of them. Some good, some bad and others downright atrocious. It's up to you to decide. If you still want to send more in, send them to: Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N.1.



Subhumans by Dick of Avon



SEX PISTOLS

'God Save The Queen' by Ralph Haldene, Sunderland



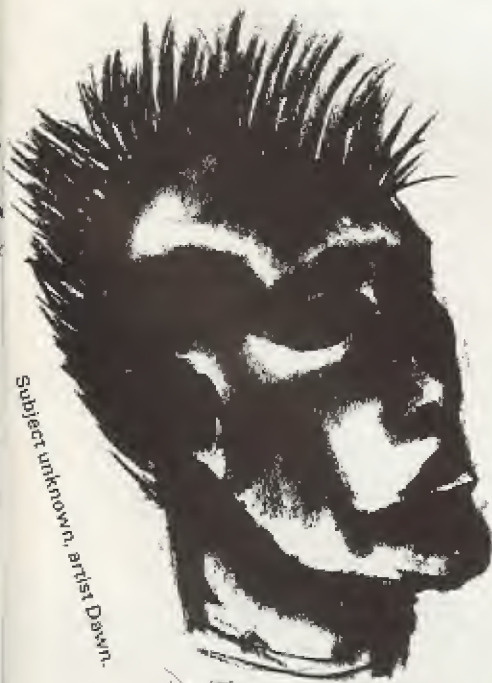
Skully The Skunk by Andrew Mano, York

DEAD KENNEDYS

Dead Kennedys logo by S. Anderson, Sunderland



Captain Sensible by B. Featherstone, South Yorkshire



Subject unknown, artist Dawn



Sid by Chris Hill, Scotland



Wattie (artist unknown)

Graffiti

Send your letters, abuse, reviews, news, etc to Graffiti, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

INSTEAD OF, or as well as, your 'Penpals Page' do you think you could do a 'Merchandise Page'. This page or pages would advertise clothes, posters, records, fan clubs, etc. I, like many people, don't live in the London area and therefore have very little in the way of choice and have to pay far too much for T-shirts, posters, etc. **Andy A Punk From Barnstaple, Devon.** SCOMBO AND Fred here, just like to tell you how good your mag is. We are unemployed but do not miss an issue, but we hope to see more of the Damned as we saw them live at Tiffanys, Glasgow and we would like more info on Crass, Iggy Pop and early material on Eater, Slaughter And The Dogs and the Clash. We have been into punk now for five years. We would like to ask you to stop messing around because Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow are not fit to be in Punk Lives. So get the finger out and stop arsing around and give us hardcore punk. Finally we would like to congratulate you on the magazine and hope the standards stay the same all year. **Spitfire Scombo and Ferocious Fred, Hunterhill, Paisley, Scotland.** FUNGUS CONSISTS of four members, George Hill vocals, Steven Keeble guitar, Dan on bass and a drummer who's yet to be found. The band has only been together two months but already they have done three gigs, one in the local Youth Club and two in a hired hall. All the gigs went down well and the band was popular with the local punks. They hope to do another gig soon supporting Transistors who are quite a well known group from Croydon who have released a couple of records. Steven and Dan are both unemployed and George works in a factory. George is 20 years old, Dan is 18 and Steven is 17.

The band wants to do well as they feel they have got a lot to offer punk and they don't think they are just another punk group with the same ideas and things to say. They are devoted to punk and are trying to put over what they want to say in an original and honest way.

Thanks for your interest and any help you can give. Hope to maybe do a gig up your way soon seeing as you don't get many bands. **Amanda.** PS: In case you're wondering who I am, I'm George's girlfriend, he thought it would be a better idea for someone else to give their opinion so I've been elected the Fungus secretary (well I should be after all this bloody writing). I AM writing to you concerning the letter you published from Bill of Burton On Trent, in Punk Lives' No. 4. He wanted to know who the hell are Fatal Dose and Degenerate? Just because the Burton punks don't know them it doesn't mean photos of them can't be printed. Bill sounds like a right prat, he'd probably never even heard of Wattie until his photo was in 'Punk Lives'. In fact he probably never heard of punk until 'Punk Lives' came out.

Other than that I'd just like to say what a great mag it is; even better if you didn't print pathetic letters, like Bill's!! **Trotsky, Morecambe, Lancs.** I KNOW you want to try and feature some unknown bands but not too many please. Let's have some Discharge, GBH, Subhumans, Partisans, Abrasive Wheels, and not crap like Southern Death Cult and the Blood. Also the price is a bit steep but more articles and interviews with bands (preferably better known ones) will fix that. Apart from that the magazine is good. Keep up the good work. **A Derby Punk.** THANKS FOR a great mag, more on Crass as they are a great band with really honest feelings to get across about government, war etc. I went to see them at Sheffield but now my parents

have banned me from going to gigs. Why don't any bands come here to Barnsley? Anyway, thanks again for a great mag which cannot be faulted in any way. **Rick, one of the only Staincross Punks and proud of it.**

I THINK 'Punk Lives' is the best mag I ever bought. I only missed No. 1 and the pin-ups are magic, especially Wattie from Exploited. I am only 10 years old but I still find 'Punk Lives' interesting. I would like to see fan club addresses like Exploited, Vice Squad and The Damned. I've been a punk for two years and love every minute of it. 'Punk Lives' gives you a bigger impression on punk bands and punk music. People say I am a poseur just because I am only 10. It would be a big help for me if I had my letter printed in 'Punk Lives' to prove I am not a poseur. **Leigh Symonds, Fulbourn Carns, CB1 5BH.** I AM writing this letter to question the attitudes of your readers. They claim to be 'real punks' and proceed to tell you not to feature certain bands (especially T.O.H.) as 'they aren't really punk'.

Who gave these overblown farts the divine right to proclaim what is and what isn't 'PUNK'? I thought the idea of punk was that there were no rules, no restrictions but here we have these narrow-minded cretins spouting off about what they think is "REAL PUNK". Can't they try and be a little more open-minded? Remember T.O.H. are more likely to reach a far wider audience than, say, Disorder. On the whole, the level of letters printed is CRAP. If they are just a list of requested groups (these lists should be noted by the staff but not printed), they are the most uncontroversial bunch of shite I've ever read e.g. "Sidney Vicious will reappear from his grave". Ha! if he did, he'd be well at home with you Zombi.

"I hope 'Punk Lives' isn't another of the media, consumer products (cashing in, exploiting us again)".

Well, it may interest lobotomy features to know that magazines such as 'Punk Lives' is part of the media, and if by 'exploiting' he means 'making a profit out of', then yes 'Punk Lives' is 'exploiting us'.

Then we have some little creep asking for 'Punk Autographs'. Punk isn't hero-worship and Wattie doesn't give autographs pea-brain.

Finally we have 'Creep On Wheels' informing us that he "Started (P.L.) it off in his area" by selling it to his few remaining friends. What's he after, a medal? Anyway, why didn't he share his copy with his pals? I think we should be told.

Your 'Young Blood' feature is hardly stop-press stuff, is it? Let's face it, Flux and the Subhumans are hardly unknown are they?

Now to the final point of my letter, namely punk on radio. I'm sure that you've heard about the feeble response to the *Sounds* campaign (about 400) I intend to run a petition for "Melodic Punk Radio".

Now we might as well face it, the powers that be are hardly going to plug all punk records but what about the Adicts, Major Accident, King Kurt, Meteors, T.O.H., UK Decay, The Lurkers, GBH and Hanoi Rocks. Anyone interested in contributing signatures or advice send them along to: **Shaun Dixon, 5 Crispin Road, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Northumberland, TD15 1PS.** — Let's print this letter and start something positive! Never mind Garry Bushell's moaning.

'PUNK LIVES' is a really great magazine. I especially liked the 'New York Punks' pics in issue No. 3 and the Black Flag feature in No. 4. Hopefully you'll continue to have features on US bands. Why not have a section of your mag devoted to US record news and gigs. I'm not the only person who likes the Ramones, Dead Kennedys, Channel 3, Black Flag, MDC etc.



HERE'S A picture of the Screaming Dead. They come from Cheltenham, Glos. The photo was taken in 1982 at a gig they did at Highbridge, Burnham-on-Sea, Nr Bridgwater, Somerset. They have a single out called 'Valley Of The Dead' and recently brought out a tape 'Children Of The Boneyard Stones' on Recreational Tapes (Skill 1). You can get in touch with them at: — 124 Bath Road, Flat 2, Cheltenham, Glos. Tel. Tony (0242) 510634. The line up is Tony McCormack — Guitar, Vocals Sam — Vocals, Mal — Bass Vocals and Mark — Drums. They would be grateful if you know any venues vacant.

MY GREATEST PUNK EXPERIENCE

IT WAS Saturday the 2nd February 1980, one year since Sid Vicious died and I was having a march so punks everywhere could come together as one and pay homage to one of punk's first.

There were over 2,000 punks and skinheads at Sloane Square, there was even one young punk who brought his mother along. I was really looking forward to this day, as I had to go through hell to get permission from the police, and the Royal Parks, for the go ahead.

I went to all the music papers, *Sounds*, *NME*, *MM* even *Record Mirror* to see if they would give the march a plug, they all said yes, and sure enough, a week later they all had a piece about the forthcoming march. Even the *Evening News* had a piece.

Feeling rather pleased with myself, I went along to the Last Resort, which is mainly a skin-head shop. I told Michael and Maggie, the two people who own the shop, what I was doing and to see if they could get any skins to come along. They not only got most of the skins to come, they even came themselves. I wrote to Sid's mother Mrs Anne Beverly and asked her if she would come. At

first she was coming but then she was taken to hospital?

Punks kept coming up to me in the street and asking me when was the march. I just knew this was going to be one of the biggest days in the history of punk since Rotten said f-k off on TV. How right I was.

Well, the day came at last, it was very sunny, not a cloud in sight. I got to Kings Road about 10 o'clock and there are lots and lots of punks sitting drinking at the Square already. I got to Chelsea Drug Store and that was packed with punks as well. When I got to the Great Gear Market, well it's the same story, punks everywhere, but I think the best sight was seeing skinheads and punks together. Instead of fighting they were drinking and laughing.

After a few pints in the Drugstore, I start getting everyone together, so we all make our way down to Sloane Square and there, waiting for the march, were over 2,000 punks. What a lovely sight. I couldn't believe my eyes, there were television people — ITV and the BBC 1 — so they could put it on the evening news. All the Sunday papers had sent someone to cover the march,

and the music papers as well.

It's about 2.30 pm and off we go marching from Chelsea to Hyde Park, Reformers Tree. Everyone was singing and drinking, nobody took any notice of the police who were here in numbers. This was a day for punk and no copper or anybody was going to ruin it for us. As we all march the TV circus were filming us, so we gave them a little song, everyone was singing Johnny Rotten can you hear us on the box. We are now marching past Buckingham Palace and it's a good old burst of God Save The Queen (Pistols version).

At last we are here at Reformers Tree, Hyde Park. All the punks and skins together as one. The singing and laughing has stopped while we have two minutes silence for Sid Vicious. There's a few punk girls with tears in their eyes and even the big skinheads don't look that hard any more.

Well that's it, it's all over now, but what a day it was for punk. When people read this in their Sunday Papers they will realise that punk's not dead, but Punk Lives. Pat Marc, Earls Court, SW5.

Also, why not have a few pages every two or three issues on one band charting their progress? i.e. the Ramones in 1976 and the Ramones through 77-78. Pics of the Ramones 'Rock 'n' Roll High School' movie, through to present day Ramones. If you did this for each photo you could have that year's discography. I think this would work pretty well. **W.D.D. from the Trash and Psychotherapy Fanzine, Ipswich.**

• Turn back to page 13 for some US reviews

YOUR MAG'S OK. I'm glad people are beginning to notice The Mob at last! Though what I hate about PL is the glossy *Smash Hits* presentation I reckon it would look better if it was printed on newspaper like *NME* etc. If you had to use colour pictures they wouldn't look so bad. Also I wish you'd get away from the full page pictures and leave it to Jackie. Don't look back there's so many good bands around today that deserve write-ups. You should be more like a national fanzine, where's the rebellion? There should be more articles on vegetarianism, anarchy and anti-war? I don't want to know what Peter & The Test Tube Babies had for tea.

If you don't change you'll just become as bad as the BBC. I came to praise 'Punk Lives' not to bury it — but I'll remain suspect of your intentions unless you improve. **Wilf, Yeovil.** YOU (THE Magazine) are always saying you want us (the subscribers) to pen 'feed back' to you. This missive is proof that at least one reader has been galvanised into responding to your appeal.

Point one. Photographically the mag is almost totally monastic — where are the girl punks? Aren't there any?

Point two. I've just realised that point one is the only grouse I have. One thing before I go — where can I obtain photos or posters of Wendy 'O' of Plasmatics. Keep up the good work. **J. Margree, Sprowston, Norwich, NR7 8HS.**

• Turn to page 39!

WE'RE ANARCHISTS. Punx who are into Discharge, Disorder, GBH and Crass. We have our own group which has just started called Last Rockers. We like the way you run this mag, it's better than all the shit like *Noise*, *Smash Hits* and *Flexipop*. We would like a bit more Discharge and Disorder in the mag. Last Rockers are Law (vocals), Laney (guitar), Coot (bass) and Hanz (drums). **Fawden, Newcastle.**

I DON'T think 'Punk Lives' is as good as it was when it first came out. Last year it was excellent but now it's slowly going downhill. The pictures in issue No.1 were first class. Exploited, Sex Pistols, Clash and Damned. The only decent ones in No. 4 were of Johnny Rotten, Beki Bondage and Peter and The Test Tube Babies. Also in each of the four issues you have put in groups who are definitely not punk ie. Spear of Destiny, Theatre of Hate, UK Decay, Lords Of The New Church and Bow Wow Wow. There is no need for this. Just stick to Pistols, Dead Kennedys, Damned, Black Flag, Action Pact, Upstarts, Toy Dolls, Test Tube Babies and other good stuff. Even so, 'Punk Lives' is far and away the best you can get. **Rob Webster, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear.**

I THINK your mag is good, although not as good as Nos. 1 and 2. The first two had some brilliant pictures of The Damned, Sex Pistols, Toy Dolls, Crass, Exploited, Jello Biafra, Beki B and the Clash but in No. 4 there was Southern Death Cult, Sex Gang Children, Kirk Brandon and The Blood, who aren't exactly BIG NAMES. Don't

get me wrong, I think it is good that you should have features on small, relatively unknown bands but in No. 4 you went a little too far. Could we please have more on DK and Action Pact. **S. Anderson, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear.** YOU REALLY amaze me, after four issues, you still haven't done an article/interview on the North East's biggest/best/most exciting punk band 'UPROAR' (picture below). I have seen them play six times and to put it bluntly, they are brilliant, I also have their two EPs, 'Rebel Youth' and 'Die For Me'. If you haven't already heard the singles I would advise you to get off your arse and get a copy because you're missing out on a good thing. Me and my mates have seen a lot of bands and Uproar are far better than any of the bands we have seen. They recently had an LP out called 'And The Lord Said Let There Be Uproar'. That's one LP I'm definitely going to buy.

I hope you print this letter to let your readers know that punk is not dead in the North East when bands like Uproar are alive and kicking. **Nick, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear.**



Send your letters to: Graffiti, Punk Lives,
50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

Penpals

HI, I'M Tarn, I'm mad about The Exploited, Cockney Rejects, the Angelic Upstarts and my favourite place is Scotland. I dislike teachers, work and rules. I am of the female species and would like to write or meet any punks between 15-20 or any age. Photos appreciated. **Tarn, 9 Cherrington Gardens, Compton, Wolverhampton, West Midlands.**

I AM 18, male and looking for a nice punkette to write to. I have just got into Exploited, Bow Wow Wow and some others, so at the moment I don't know a lot about punk. Photo appreciated but not essential. **Richard Corrigan, 61 Fernslea Avenue, Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland.**

I'M A 14 year old skinhead. Want Skinheads, Skinettes, Punks, Punkettes to write/meet. Into Exploited, 4-Skins, Cockney Rejects, Peter and Babies, Angelic Upstarts etc. **Tim Day, 8 Brickenden Road, Cranbrook, Kent.**

'ELLO, I'M Mia or Evil Fist to my friends. I'm 15 and like Siouxsie, Dead Kennedys, Poison Girls, Flux Of Pink Indians, Damned, Sex Pistols, plus others. I'm interested in hearing from punks near my home county. Please send a photo. **Mia F.L. Spencer, 2 New Cottages, Whiteway Farm, Cirencester, Glos.**

19 YEAR old punkette would like to hear from punks aged between 17-20. Likes Siouxsie, Killing Joke, Sex Pistols, jumping on cars and being banned from pubs. Write to: **Ruth Hastie, 34 Kings Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.**

16 YEAR old well dressed skin, into 4-Skins, Blitz, Exploited, Violators, Black Rose, Infa-Riot, Last Resort etc. not into Nazis, Le Combat 84 and Skrewdriver. Would like to meet Glasgow skins and nice looking skinnette. Likes brogues, loafers, denim, button down shirts, braces, Fred P's, sta-press. Also like Madness and Specials. Also interested in forming an Oi/Punk band. **McGinn, 14 Frankfort Street, Shawlands, G41 3XG, Glasgow, Scotland.**

20 YEAR old punk would like to hear from any punk/punkettes who know of someone who will drum for a fast, poppy punk band called Fungus, or just to write. **George Hill, 10 Marston House, Fairfax Avenue, Redhill, Surrey RH1 1HX.**

BORED PUNK (14) wants to write/meet punkettes in Yorkshire of same age. Likes — Discharge, Flux, Crass and virtually everything else. **Rick, 6 Bar Lane, Staincross, Barnsley, South Yorks, S75 6DQ.**

HI, I'M a 15 year old male punk who is looking for a punk or punkette. Favourite groups are the Sex Pistols (Sid Live) The Damned, Angelic Upstarts, Dead Kennedy's, Vice Squad, Discharge, and Blitz. Age group 14-15. I am a hunky 6 foot 3 (modest) I have shortish brown hair. I have a blond girlfriend (Diane) who wants a punk or punkette pal also the same groups. Write to **Steve (Ed) Ireland, 165 Burringham Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN17 2DF.**

HELLO, I'M 16 and the name's Val, I like most punk music, piercing my ears and nose and spending money! Write to **6 Warrior Avenue, Gravesend, Kent.**

PUNKETTE (15) into Sex Pistols, GBH, Exploited, Anti-Pasti, ANWL, wants punks in or near Cumbria, to meet, 15+ and interested in forming a group (or punkettes), write to **Tracey Jacques, High Stow Bank, Kirkland, Frizington, Cumbria., CA2634A.**

I AM a 14 year old punkette, dark haired and into Dirt, Conflict, Sex Pistols, Vice Squad and the '77 punk sound and others. Would like to hear from punks or punkettes. If interested write to (pic if you want) **Stacey, (Spunky Punky), 2 Stove Lodge Cott., West Drive, Stove Bishop, Bristol 9.**

MY NAME is Lester (18) and a Skinhead. Into groups such as, ANWL, Test Tubes, GBH, Exploited, One Way System, etc. etc. . . . Love going to gigs and getting as many tattoos as I can with my dole money. So come on all you skinhead birds, and punkettes write soon. **82 Kingsley Avenue, Cheshunt, Herts.**

MY NAME is Joanne and I want to write and meet punks and skin'eads (15+) all over England but especially if ya live in Suffolk, but anything with an IQ of +2 or more will do. Fave groups include Sex Pistols, ANWL, Sham 69 and the Exploited. (Pics if possible) answer guaranteed. **8 Mouse Lane, Rougham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, IP30 9JB.**

HI, MOHICAN punks and skins. Julie the punkette (16) would like you to write to her. My favourite groups are The Exploited (Wattie is ace) One Way System and Anti Nowhere League. Write to **7 Wayland Road, Whitchurch, Shropshire.**

HI THERE, we're two 17 year old punkettes who need help! We're just getting into punk and would like to hear from any punk who can help us see the light, so far we have got to like GBH, Vice Squad, Siouxsie, Exploited and a bit of Sex Pistols, but we wanna know lots more. If you're interested in writing and meeting contact, **Hev & Cara, 115 Taylor Street, Wilmorton, Derby, DE2 8WQ.**

ONE SKINETTE (nearly 16) wants London (if poss) skins, punks 'n' herberts to write/meet, into Business, Infa Riot, Chron Gen, 4-Skins, Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Cockney Rejects, Meteors, Upstarts, Red Alert, Wasted Youth, Rose Tattoo, Blitz and The Last Resort. **Pepper, 24 Norman Road, Burgess Hill, West Sussex, RH15 9BY.**

I'M 15 years old and like US punk such as the Ramones, Dead Kennedys, CH3, Circle Jerks, Black Flag, Surf Punks etc. I also like ANWL, Sex Pistols and GBH. I like sleeping through the winter and messing about during the summer. I write for a fanzine called 'Psychotherapy' and I'm in a band called the Trash. I would like to write to any 13-16 punkettes all over the world. Interested? Why not! **WDD, 64 Chatworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk IP4 5XD.**

WE'RE TWO punks (Tont and Mouse) and a skin (Ses) from the Durham area, all aged 16. We're into GBH, DK's, Discharge, ANWL. We want to contact punkettes in our area, (especially Tina Corusoe of Newton Aycliffe), who like our music and want to have a good time. Write to **Tont at 37 Hawthorne Road, Ferryhill, Co. Durham, DL17 8DP.**

I AM a 20 year old skinhead and would like a penpal anywhere in England who is crazy about the same bands as me. I'm into Major Accident, One Way System, The Adicts, Destructors, GBH, Test Tubes, Business, Chaos and most punk bands. **Fug, 13 Goffs Lane, Cheshunt, Herts. EN7 5E9.**

I'D LIKE to write to punks living in London aged 15-20. But living in London isn't essential, I'm 17 and into groups like Sex Gang Children, Killing Joke and the Cocteau Twins. If you are interested write to **Slyme, 25 Avon Walk, Hinckley, Leics. LE10 0XS.**

17 YEAR old punk into Discharge, One Way System, Snotgobblers etc. Wants punkettes to write to **Phil, 1 St. Anthony's Place, Kirkham, Preston, Lancs. PR4 2BN.**

TWO CRAWLEY punks into GBH, DK, PH8, ANWL, Pistols etc. Want to write to any lonely punks or skins male/female. So don't just sit there write to us, photo if poss. **Paul 16, Richard 18, at 18 Long Close, Pound Hill, Crawley, Sussex, RH10 4DD.**

THE WATFORD punks, (yes both of us) aged 16, require punks and punkettes into '77 style punk such as Pistols, Damned, X-ray Spex and Siouxsie. Interested? Then contact **Phil & Pete, 44 North Western Avenue, Garston, Watford, Herts. WD2 6AE.**

I AM a lonely punkette into Dead Kennedy's, The Damned and Siouxsie. Looking for handsome punks aged 17 or over. **Shirley, 49 Muirhouse Road, Muirhouse, Motherwell.**

FREE!

Do you want to write or meet fellow punks? In the next issue of Punk Lives we'll devote a section just for you. And it's FREE. Send your name, address and the type of person and music you'd like to match up with to Punk Lives, PENPALS, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1 and we'll print as many as we can.

DAWN HERE, a big chunky girl who likes ANWL, Damned, Dead Kennedys, Siouxsie, Sex Pistols, GBH, P.I.L., Strangers etc, wants any punks or skins to write aged between 15-17, send photo if possible to **Dawn, 32 Bilsmoor Avenue, High Heaton, Newcastle 7, Tyne and Wear, NE77BJ.**

17 YEAR old wants to write/meet punks/punkettes about our own age in Kent area into Special Duties, Uproar, GBH, M.D.C. Wheels, Vice Squad and most punk. Dislikes punkabillys, politics and Special Duties haters. **Paul Sullivan, 9 Raneleigh Road, Deal, Kent. CT14 7BG.**

TWO PUNKS, 17 year old and completely mad, want to go to gigs, pubs, parties etc. Into GBH, Disorder, Discharge, Conflict, Crass etc. So all you punkettes write in fast with photos if possible. **Fagin & Dodga, 23 Lionel Road, Canton, Cardiff, S.Wales.**

CHAOTIC CANADIAN (20) into Crass, SLF, GBH, M.D.C. and Flux etc. Like to hear from punks and punkettes from UK, US and everywhere. Love hardcore. Tell me about you! **Dave, PO Box 4018, Station 'C', Ottawa, Ont. Canada, K1Y 4P.2**

MALE PUNK (14) called Grasshopper, wants to hear from punks and punkettes aged between 1-100. I like Toy Dolls, Peter and Test Tube Babies, Flux, Beki Bondage, The Adicts, GBH, The Strangers. I also like green and money but I hate the Queen and vivisection. **Gabriel Grasshopper, 1 Jessop Close, High Cross, Rogerstone, Gwent, NP1 0BU.**

GIDDAY, I'm Mell, a punkette with hair that varies in colour. I'm 16 and into Sex Pistols, Exploited, The Partisans, Discharge, Charge, Defects and any other loud noises. I like to create music, clothes and chaos. Any punks that want to write then do so now & hurry. **Mel Wade, St. Phillips College, Alice Springs, 5750 NT.**

I AM a punk from Melbourne, Australia, looking for male or female English punk. I am 16 and interested in the Exploited, UK Subs, Discharge, GBH, Misfits, Special Duties, T.S.O.L. The Test Tube Babies and I like the early stuff like Eater, Drones, Buzzcocks, Slaughter, Pistols and The Damned. I would be interested to find out what kinds of things punks get up to in England and I could tell ya about some of the Aussie Punk bands. Please send a picture. **Lindsay, 14 Lord Court, Braybrook, 3019, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.**

OH! YOU lot out there, calling all punks. I'm Alex (female) Payne (and I live up to my name!). I'm into punk or what I've heard of it. So write and tell me more (about the music). I'm into the Sex Pistols, UK Decay and The Exploited (Wattie!) Answer all letters/Send photo if possible. **Spring House, Oldham Road, Springhead, Oldham, Lancs.**

I'M 14 and would like to write to any London Skins (boys) aged between 14 and 16 who are into Infa-Riot, The Business, 4-Skins etc. Please write to: **Cheryl, 8 Longmead, Birchwood, Hatfield, Herts. AL10 0AE.**

Send a picture and we'll use that as well!

WE ARE two punkettes Debbie (16) is into GBH, Discharge, Blitz, Chron Gen and ANWL and KAZ (15) is into Dirt, Siouxsie, Rubella Ballet, GBH, Discharge, Conflict, Crass and more. We would like to write to two gorgeous punks who are into same sort of music and like having a laugh. Send photos if poss to **C/O Kaz and Debi, 44 Alamein Drive, Romiley, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 4JW.**

CALLING ALL male punks (17-19) especially those in the Manchester area into Damned, SLF, ANWL, Clash, Charge, Chelsea, Adicts, Vice Squad and Siouxsie. Please write to: **Joanne Latham, 45 Palin Wood Road, Delph, Oldham, OL3 5UW.**

I AM 15 and pissed off with Maggie the PM. I like ANWL, Sex Pistols, Exploited, Defects etc. I would like to meet and write to punkette from 14-17 from anywhere in Scotland and England. I hate Crass. Photo please. **Phill, 16 Pinegrove, Egin, Morayshire, Scotland.**

LONELY PUNKETTE (16) wants company for gigs etc. Will go to see anything as long as I have enough cash. Especially into Crass, ANWL and Vice Squad. **Ros, 17 Coronation Street, Barnstaple.**

PUNK lives

EDITOR

ALF MARTIN

(Died in the wool but not dyed grey)

CONTRIBUTORS

DR SYN

(He's got a certain Panache)

TONY PUPPY

(He kills pet puppies)

AL A

(At the centre of anarchy)

RICHARD KICK

(And kick is what he's got)

PHOTOGRAPHERS

ERICA ECHENBERG

TONY MOTTRAM

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THE EXPLOITED



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ALBUM OUT NOW!



RIOT CITY RIOT CITY RIOT CITY RIOT CITY RIOT CITY



The Birthday Party left to right Nick Cave, Mick Harvey, Rowland Howard, Tracey Pen.

CONCISE CAVE

KOLLY KIBBER talks to Birthday Party's Nick Cave

NICK CAVE is not a man you would miss in a crowd. Tallish, rangy, cheeks so hollow you could hold swimming races in them. His hair crowns a fleshless skull like a New Guinea warrior's battle tonsure.

Nor does he dress to fade into the background. Drainpipe jeans too loose for his matchstick thighs. Scuffed white shoes. So far so drab. What catches the eye is the riotous, rich maroon waistcoat and dressy shirt. Or maybe the onyx cufflinks. Or the fistful of rings. The clash of styles is extreme. Just out of bed — (at lunchtime), Nick Cave looks as if five separate people had got him dressed that morning.

As singer and best-known face of the Birthday Party, Nick is not unconscious of his public appearance. He identifies with 'the artist', uses Michelangelo's last, seemingly unfinished *Pieta* to explain his theory of art. Although he never said it in so many words, I think he considers himself 'an avant-garde artist'. His particular garret was a run-down house in West London where he'd been imposing on his friend's hospitality for rather too long.

Despite having moved to Britain from their Melbourne base in 1980, The Birthday Party are not typical Australians in London. They live up (or down) to none of their nation's cultural stereotypes. They don't swell Fosters and live in Earls Court. They're not bright, bouncy family entertainers like Rolf Harris. They're not witty and urbane, like Clive James, or coarse and showbizzy, like Barry Humphries. They haven't even opened a dentist's surgery or bought *The Times*.

No. The Birthday Party moved here because, at the time, they were drawn

by the thought that Britain was full of groups like The Fall, The Pop Group, both of whom they greatly admired. "It cost us," said Nick, "expensive air tickets and two years of poverty to discover there's nothing going on here."

Nick relishes what he called trading "in home and country for a fairly disoriented, nomadic existence." As performers, The Birthday Party certainly have the abandon of exiles, the knowledge that Uncle Ron isn't out there in the audience. In these days of musical safety, The Birthday Party are happy — especially onstage — to inhabit an area somewhere on the far side of the extreme. Despite the commitment they bring to their live shows, they thrive in spite of their audience, not because of their audience.

"I don't think art can be judged as good or bad any longer. One expresses oneself and that's all that's important. I'm as interested in the work of a five year old or an epileptic drunkard as I am in anything else.

"I've more faith in the artist than in anyone's interpretation of it. I always consider the artist to be right. It's his or her art.

"The object of my art is to express my own particular feelings about myself. If The Birthday Party does relate to other people, it's just a by-product."

In their early years, The Birthday Party — then called The Boys Next Door — were a basic punk group. When they moved to Britain they were aiming for something more original.

The fire and fury of punk with a little extra. "We had the bad sense to do something a little more challenging," said Nick. Bad sense maybe but not necessarily bad economic sense. The

Birthday Party might have ploughed a lonely furrow but it's one which has attracted an increasingly large audience. There is a comfortable, assured place in the independent charts. Admirably, Nick is far from smug about that position, prefers to think of the forward steps.

"We've gone from strength to strength. We progress in a slow, awkward, blundering forward movement. With each statement we've made it either means more to us or it's a bettering of our last statement. The last album was the perfecting of a germ in 'Prayers On Fire'."

More obliquely, he talked of compensating "for the embarrassment of the last record. "We've now got a more brutal approach towards things." Having decided that albums "don't work too well" for them, they'll concentrate on EPs — like 'Bad Seed'. The aim is "a more concise, more atmospheric record."

Conciseness is at the centre of Nick's musical concerns. An admirer of Mark Smith's lyrics, he admits he finds "lyric writing extremely hard. It's not a matter of just writing some half-framed thought. Our music is designed to present our personalities." Only onstage does he allow the rough edges their moment of glory.

"Live, most people just play their records. Our show has an added dimension. It's far more spontaneous than our records. There's all those delightful things that happen in music ... like mistakes. We're a totally unprofessional outfit in that respect.

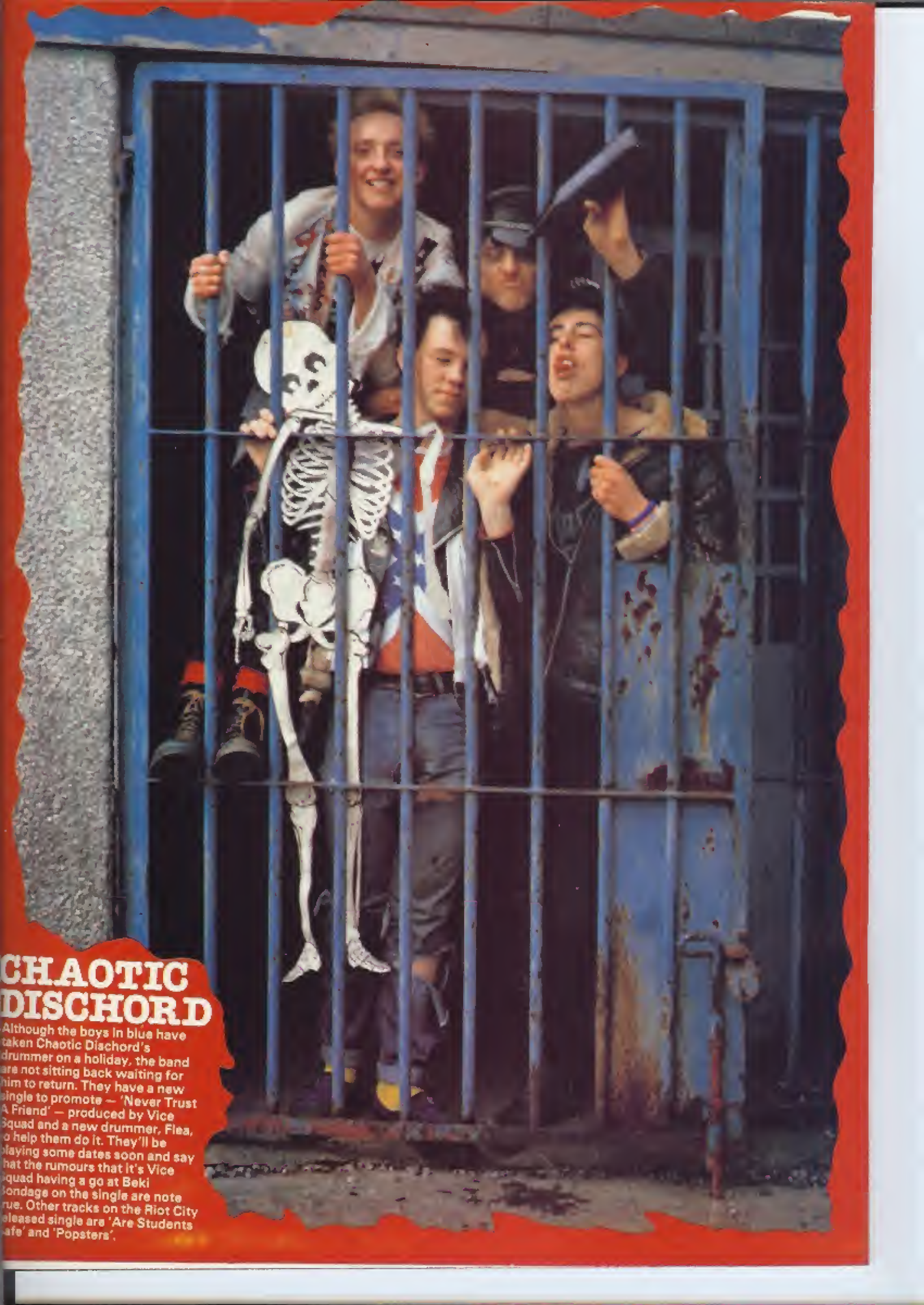
"You can't put us into any nutshell. There's total contradiction between us ... and between what I say from interview to interview."

NICK CAVE



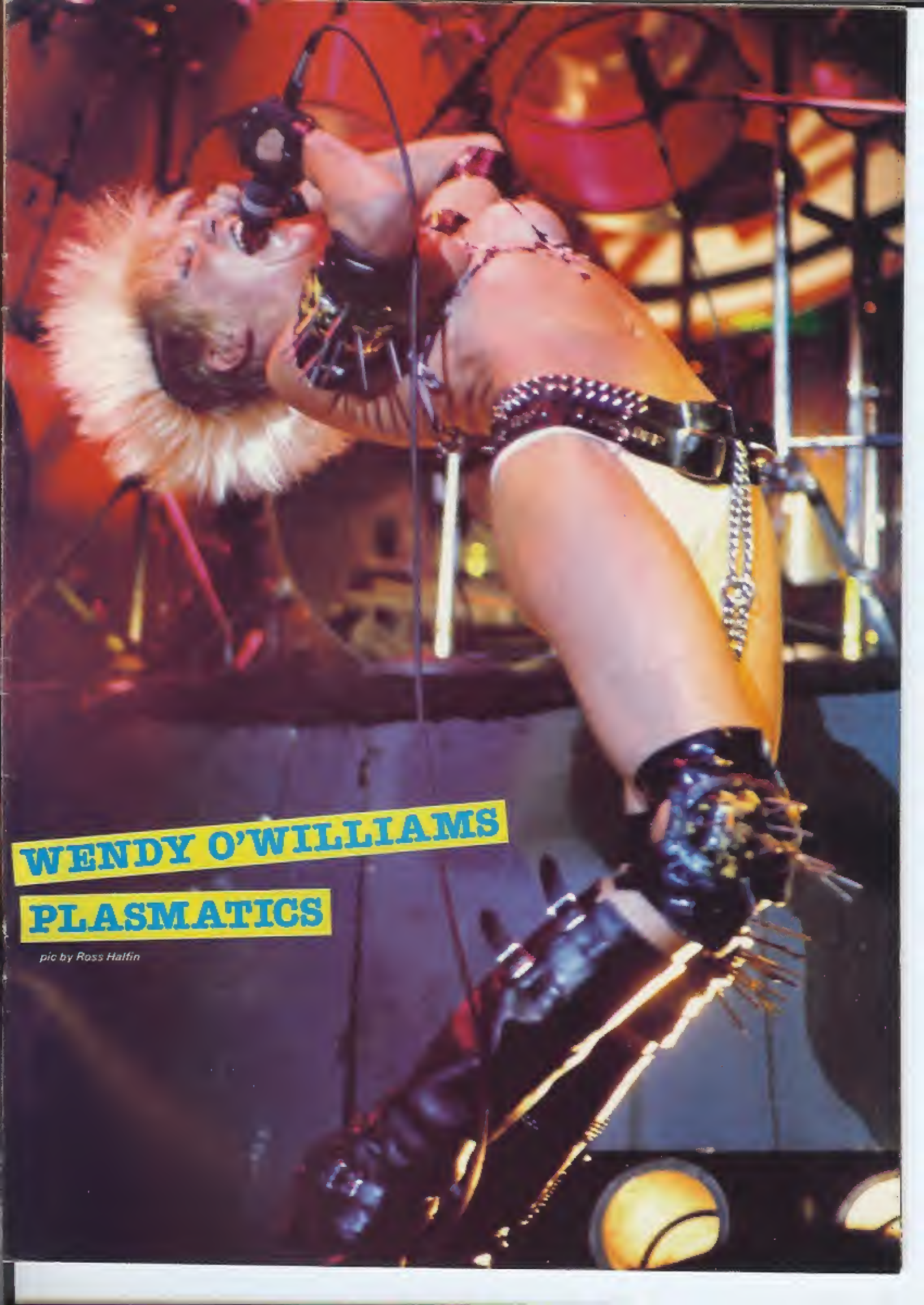
photo by Wednesday Bancher

BIRTHDAY PARTY



CHAOTIC DISCHORD

Although the boys in blue have taken Chaotic Dischord's drummer on a holiday, the band are not sitting back waiting for him to return. They have a new single to promote — 'Never Trust A Friend' — produced by Vice Squad and a new drummer, Flea, to help them do it. They'll be playing some dates soon and say that the rumours that it's Vice Squad having a go at Beki Bondage on the single are not true. Other tracks on the Riot City released single are 'Are Students Safe' and 'Popsters'.



WENDY O'WILLIAMS

PLASMATICS

pic by Ross Halfin



GARY

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